

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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From The Sunday Magazine.

IN DARKNESS.

I.

THROUGH the wood where the serpent lies hidden
 asleep,
 If indeed he can sleep when a mortal is near;
 Up the way that is narrow, the path that is
 steep,
 With no guide for my footsteps, no help for
 my fear,
 Only this—that He knoweth the way that I
 tread,
 And His banner of crimson is over my head.

II.

With the loneliness awful pressed into my soul,
 With no voice for companion, no grasp of a
 hand;
 With the dimmest of longings for dreamiest goal,
 With the reeds to support me, the oaks to with-
 stand:
 With this only for solace—God knoweth indeed
 Where the poverty galls, of what things we have
 need.

III.

With the traitor within me that whispers of rest,
 Where the river flows swift, and the river flows
 deep;
 Where the nightshade hangs purple, with gold at
 its breast,
 And the wild bees, awaking, would hum me to
 sleep:
 Only this to withhold me—no sparrow can fall,
 But the angels are sorry, God knoweth it all.

IV.

With the thorns that seemed flowers pressed into
 my feet,
 With the herbs that are bitter for wholesomest
 food;
 While my lips shut in longing for poisonous
 sweet,
 For the berries of scarlet that round me are
 strewn;
 With the parching of thirst and impatient desire,
 Only this to restrain me—"Still saved as by
 fire."

V.

Can I kill half my nature, and leave half alive?
 Keeping down all emotion, it burns me away.
 Through the night I may toil, and in darkness
 may strive,
 But another must herald the dawning of day:
 I have spent all my strength, and my journey is
 done—
 Holy Father, receive me, through Jesus Thy
 Son.

SADIE.

WAS GOTT THUT, DAS IST WOHL GETHAN.

[This hymn was written at Jena, by Samuel
 Rodigast, in 1676, for a sick friend, who com-
 posed the melody to which it is set.]

I.

WHAT God doth, it is all well done—
 His will upright abiding;
 Since he has traced my course begun
 I will go on confiding.
 My God is he
 Who holdeth me,
 I will not turn complainer
 At such a wise Ordainer.

II.

What God doth, it is all well done—
 He never will leave me:
 In righteous paths he leadeth on,
 And never will He deceive me.
 With patience still
 I meet his will;
 Ill days He timely closeth,
 That run as He disposeth.

III.

What God doth, it is all well done—
 His care will be unfailing;
 A healer, and a wondrous one,
 Will not mistake my ailing.
 No poisons His
 For remedies.
 His truth is my foundation,
 His grace my whole salvation.

IV.

What God doth, it is all well done—
 He is my light and being;
 Mere evil He can mean me none;
 I bow to His decreeing.
 Through weal or woe,
 Time still will show,
 Which everything revealeth,
 How faithfully He dealeth.

V.

What God doth, it is all well done—
 If I must drink the chalice—
 The bitter cup which I would shun—
 My shrinking soul he rallies;
 And, firmly placed,
 My heart shall taste
 That sweet peace in believing
 Which softens down all grieving.

VI.

What God doth, it is all well done—
 Strong shall make and find me,
 Rough ways I may be forced to run,
 Grievs pressing close behind me;
 Yet God will be
 Right fatherly.
 In death His arm sustaineth;
 Then be it He that reigneth!

From The Spectator.

NOTES FROM THE SCOTTISH ISLES.

I. — FIRST FLIGHT.

WHEN the little cutter *Tern*, agile and beautiful as the sea swallow from which she takes her name, weighed anchor in Tobermory Harbour, and began to work westward through the Sound of Mull towards Ardnamurchan, the long swell coming in from the Atlantic was beginning to whiten under a stiff breeze from the north-west; and it became a question whether or not she should fold down her wings and run back to her nest in the bay.

We looked wistfully to windward, and began to doubt our wisdom in venturing so far on board so tiny a craft—seven tons register, open aft, and rigged with a boom and racing mainsail sure to bring her on her broadside in stormy weather. The gloomy prognostics, both of fair-weather yachtsmen and hard-weather seamen, were sharply remembered, as the big rollers began to break knee-deep over our bow, and the strong wind to lay the decks under the very edge of the cockpit “cooming.” But the Viking in the blood prevailed. A third reef was taken in the mainsail, and the little craft was urged on; and scarcely had she beaten a mile and a half to windward, when the breeze died suddenly away, and the waters, washing troublously, grew weaker and weaker, till the tops of the long heaving rollers were almost calm. A light air and a strong tide soon carried the *Tern* outside of Ardnamurchan, where, dripping and quivering like a thing of life, she has paused, nearly becalmed, with the lonely islands whither she is bound opening one by one on the dim and misty sea.

To the south lies Mull in mist, piling her dull vast hills out above the line of breaking foam; while out to the south-west, cairn after cairn, looming through the waters, show where barren Coll is weltering in the gloomy waste. To the far west, only cloud resting on cloud, above the dim unbroken water-line of the Atlantic; but northward all brightens, for the storm has passed thence with the wind, and the sunlight has crept out, cold and clear, on craggy Rum, whose heights stretch grey and ghostly against a cloudless sky. Hard by, in shadow, looms

the gigantic Scaur of Eig, looking down on the low and grassy line of Muck, which stretches like some green monster at its feet. Beyond all these, peeping between Rum and Eig, pencilled in faint and ghostly peaks hued like the heron's wings, are the wondrous Coolin Hills of Skye—ghastly beautiful, born of the volcano on some strange morning in the age of mighty births. The eye seeks to go no further. It rests on those still heights, and in a moment the perfect sense of solitude glides into the soul—thought seems stationary, a solemn grey-ness brooding over life subdued.

For a sight such as that words are the merest pencil scratches, and for the feeling awakened by such sights there is no kind of symbol at all. In trying accurately to describe nature, one glides at once into the mood of the cicerone; the moment of enjoyment has passed, and the pain of explanation has begun. But to see and feel such things to the true spiritual height, let no man stand on the paddle-box of a steamboat or on the carefully washed deck of a big vessel. The still power of waters is not quite to be felt until the very body and blood have known their stormy might; and how better know their might than by slipping out upon the waste in as tiny a vessel as can live thereon? The smaller the craft, the fewer the fellow-beings at hand, the intenser the enjoyment both of storm and calm. It is a proud pleasure to dash like a sea-fowl under the very mouth of the tempest, conscious of the life in one's veins, drunken as it were with the excitement and uncertainty of the hour,—awake to every quiver of the little yielding creature under whose wings you fly, feeling its panting breath come and go with your own, till perchance its wings are folded down close, and it swims with you for very life before the elements which follow screaming in its track. After a flight so fine, the soul is ready for strange calm waters and ghostly peaks, fit to feel the pathos and sweetness of things at rest, ending with that dim chill stir which we call the thought of God. In this life, and perhaps in lives beyond, there seems need of some such preparation for great spiritual peace; and it is therefore a poor soul which has not felt some very rough weather.

The British lover of beauty wanders far,

but we question if he finds anywhere a picture more exquisite than opens out, vista after vista, among these wondrous Isles of the North. Here year after year they lie almost neglected, seen only by the hard-eyed trader and the drifting seaman; for that mosaic being, the typical tourist, seldom quits the inner chain of mainland lakes, save, perhaps, when a solitary example, dull and bored, oozes out of the mist at Broadford or Portree, takes a rapid glare at the chilly Coolins, and shivering with enthusiasm hurries back to the South. The heights of Rum, the kelp caverns of Islay, the fantastic cliffs of Eig, scarcely ever draw the sight-seer; Canna lies unvisited in the solitary sea; and as for the outer Hebrides — from Stornoway to Barra Head — they dwell ever lonely in a mist, warning off all fair-weather wanderers. A little, a very little, has been said about these isles; but to all ordinary people they are less familiar than Vienna, and further off than Calcutta.

Forbidding in their stern beauty, isolated and sea-surrounded, they possess no superficial fascinations; their power is one that grows, their spell is that of the glamour holding only the slowly selected soul. Not merely because these isles are so strangely, darkly lovely, but because we owe to them so much that is noblest and best in the heart of modern life, did it seem fitting to attempt some faint pictures of their scenery and their people; and to wander from island to island, mixing freely with poor folk, seeing and noting what may afterwards pass into noble nourishment for the heart, is the errand of those on board the little *Tern*. The reality soon exceeded all expectation. As the eye became more and more accustomed to hill and sea, as the first mood of awe and pleasure at the weird vistas wore away, human figures, group after group, before invisible, loomed slowly into view: — the kelp-burner moving blackly through the smoke of his fire on the savage shore, the herring fishers tossing at their nets, while the midnight sea gleams phosphorescent below and the clouds blacken in the lift above; the wild, wandering women, foul with the fish they are gutting, shrieking like the cloud of gulls that hover over their heads; the quaint country folk streaming down to the little ports on holidays and fair-days;

the shepherd on his hill, the lobster fisher in the quiet bay, the matron grinding her corn and weaving her petticoat with instruments hundreds of years "behind the age;" and all these moving against so mighty a background, and speaking a speech stranger to common ear than any modern tongue of Europe — a speech old as the hills, and full of their mysterious music and power. Here surely was something for the eye and heart to rest upon, a life subtly colouring ours through many generations, yet preserved quite fresh and unchanged by the spirit of the waters, a life far more surely part of us and ours than that of Florence, or Paris, or Wiesbaden.

To lie becalmed in the little *Tern* off the terrible Rhu, the Ardnamurchan, most dreaded by those best acquainted with its mighty tides and fierce waters, is by no means an unmixed pleasure. Yonder stretches the ocean, dead still now, but likely to be roused in an instant into frenzy; and, still more to be dreaded, half a mile on the starboard hand, the gloomy cliffs of the point seem coming nearer, as the fitful eddies of the tide swing the vessel this way and that. Out go the long oars, and slowly, very slowly, the *Tern* draws from the shore. Two long hours of hard pulling, with scarcely any perceptible progress, is not altogether desirable, even in the presence of a scene so fair, and one whistles for the wind more and more impatiently. At last the waters ripple black to northward, the huge mainsail-boom swings over with a heavy jerk, and in a minute the *Tern* flashes ahead full of new life, and the sky brightens over a fresh and sparkling sea, and with hearts leaping, all canvas set, and the little kittiwakes screaming in our track, we leave the mighty Rhu behind.

We are four, — the skipper, the pilot, the steward, and the cook, — only the seaman being a sailor by profession. The skipper, to describe him briefly, is a wild, hirsute being, faintly bespattered with the sciences, fond of the arts, but generally inclined (as Walt Whitman puts it) to "loafe and invite his soul." His hobby is his vessel, and his hate is "society," especially Scotch society, whatever that may mean. The pilot is of another turn, a Gaelic fisher, deep in knowledge of small craft, and full of the

dreamy reasonings of his race. As for the steward, he is a nondescript, a mooner on the skirts of philosophy, fleshly, yet tender, whose business it is to take notes by flood and fell, and cater for the kitchen with rod and gun. What the steward provides is prepared to perfection by the cook in a den about the size of an ordinary cupboard, and served up in a cabin where Tom Thumb might have stood upright and a shortish man have just lain at full length. Over the sleeping accommodation we draw a veil.

As the *Tern* flies nearer to the mighty Scaur of Eig, a beetling precipice towering 1,300 and odd feet above the sea, the sun is sloping far down westward behind the lofty peaks of Rum; and in deep purple shadow, over the starboard bow, the rugged lines of the mainland, from Loch Moidart to the Sound of Sleat, open up, gloam strangely, and die ridge after ridge away. The distant Coolins grow yet more ghostly against the delicate harebell of the sky, catching on their peaks the roseate airs of sunset; and the mountains of Rum deepen more and more in under-shadow, as the light flames keener on their rounded heights. The wind falls again, faint airs come and go, and the low sound of the sea becomes full of a strange hush. As we draw close under the lee of Rum, the still sea is darkened on every side in patches as of drifting seaweed, and there is still a flutter as of innumerable little wings. Hither and thither, skimming the water in flocks of eight or ten, dart the beautiful shearwaters (*puffini Anglorum* of the ornithologists), seizing their prey from the sea with their tender feet as they fly; while under them, wherever the eye rests, innumerable marrots and guillemots float, dive, and rise. All these have their nests among the blackly shaded cliffs close at hand. The black cormorants are there too, wary and solitary; and the gulls, from the lesser black-backed to the little kittiwake, gather thickly over one black patch of floating birds astern, where doubtless the tiny herring are darting in myriads. Save for the fitful cry of the kittiwakes, or the dull croaking scream of a solitary tern beating up and down over the vessel, all is quite still, and the presence of these countless little fishers only

deepens the solitude. Quite fearless and unsuspicious, they float within oar's length of the vessel, diving swiftly at the last moment, and coolly emerging again a few yards distant. Only the cormorant keeps aloof, safe out of gun range. Rank and unsavoury as this glutton is, his flesh is esteemed by fishermen, and he is so often hunted, that he is ever on the watch for danger.

Low, undulating, grassy, yonder is Muck — the Gaelic *Elanna-Muchel*, or Isle of Swine — Buchanan's *Insula Pecorum*. It is green and fertile, an oasis in the waste. Muck, Eig, Rum, and Canna form collectively the Parish of Small Isles, with the pastor of which Hugh Miller took his well-known geologic cruise. It must be no lamb-hearted man who carries the Gospel over these waters during winter weather.

Lower, deeper sinks the sun, till he is totally hidden behind the hills. Haskeval and Hondeval, the two highest peaks of Rum, throw their shadows over the drifting *Tern*, while from some solitary bay inland the oyster-catchers and sealarks whistle in the stillness. A night mist coming from the west deepens the gloaming, and we look somewhat anxiously after a harbour. Somewhere, not far away, below the two peaks, lies a little loch with safe anchorage; but no eyes, except those of a native, could pick it out in the darkness. We drift slowly upward on the flood tide, eagerly eyeing every nook and cranny in the shadowy mass at our side. Just as the day dawns, we spy the mouth of the loch, and launching the long oars, make wearily towards it. But the anchor is soon down, all cares are over for the time being, and, after pipes and grog, all hands turn in for a nap.

From The Spectator.

ST. ALBAN'S TEACHING FOR CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR, — The complaints of indignant Protestants, fresh from the incense of "High Celebration," are at this period of the year as plentiful as even letters on sermons, and far more amusing. It is not, however, as an angry Evangelical that I send you this

letter, but as a simple narrator of a scene to me altogether new and surprising. Like most quiet men, I can witness Ritualists' performances without either sympathizing with them or screaming with anger at them for the rest of the week. I, therefore, occasionally go to these performances, which are, we may say at this time of the year, the more agreeable; inasmuch as there is at most of the many services no sermon. On Sunday afternoon, at half-past three, I went to St. Alban's. There was not, as I expected, an afternoon service; but about one-third of the church was filled with children, and there were some thirty to fifty men and women sitting to listen. A young clergyman—I believe, Mr. Stanton—was behind the screen with a dozen choir children. After a hymn, he came to the front of the screen, and began not to catechize them, but to talk to them, occasionally asking them a question or two. When he did, nobody answered, all being afraid to speak. Then he blew them up, and they all answered together, after the manner of children. On his teaching, which was taken from the history of the Israelites' wanderings in the desert, I have very little to say, except that it was wonderfully fresh, vivid, and plainly put. He knew what he wanted to say, and said it, so far as I could discern, in such a way that the children took it all in. Very few faces were dull and uninterested, very few impatient heels were drumming the ground. Some two or three, of course, expressed the usual stupidity that is always found, and some the heaviness that spoke of the mid-day pudding; but, as a rule, all were interested.

As a grown-up man, I beg to object to the word "meek." To be told—it may be the effect of Watts's *Scripture History*—that Moses was the meekest man on record is to me peculiarly exasperating. I believe that Mr. Chuckster expressed the popular feeling about meekness to Mr. Dick Swiveller some thirty years ago, when he said that, though he had faults, yet—mark this—his worst enemies could not say that he was meek. Considering the unfortunate prejudice to meekness,—or to the kind of meekness, which did not belong to Moses, which pertains to the word in the popular mind,—would it not be well to speak of Moses as a humble-minded man, or a man who distrusted his own strength, or to get over the difficulty by some such periphrasis?

However, the children were taught, beside the fact that Moses was "meek," the way in which his meekness was manifested, which was all right.

After the history, which was garnished with references to the "Catholic Church," came a little digression explanatory of symbols. "When your priest, children, stands before yon sacred altar to celebrate the Holy Eucharist, what does he put into the chalice?" A choir boy answered, "Wine and water." This, he told them, symbolized the blood and water from the side of Christ. The striking of the rock by Moses was also, it appeared, a symbol of the piercing of the side of Christ—the Rock of Ages—the Rock on which the "Catholic Church" is built. After this, some good practical teaching on the subject of children's morals was given them. "You boys," said the clergyman, "use bad words, and you tell lies. . . . Sometimes when you have to go to confess to your priest, you have to tell him of half-a-dozen lies before he gives you absolution." This allusion to confession, not as a disputed point, not even as a voluntary act, but as one of the regular duties of a Christian, struck me very much.

Without being uncharitable, I could not help thinking that the way in which he returned again and again to the subject was more than accidental. It may be that his mind was full of the necessity of confession, or it may be that he designedly dwelt on the duty to familiarize the minds of the children with it.

Then he said, assuming a tone which betokened great relief, for the teaching was really hard work, so energetic, so careful was he in his words and gestures, "Now, children, I will tell you a story."

He did tell them a story. He tells a story to children in simply the most impressive, the most vivid, the most eloquent manner I ever heard. And such a story he told them! It was the story of the conversion of Bruno. Your readers know it,—how the great Raymond died; how he was adjured to speak in the funeral service; how the corpse rose, and with ghastly pallor and sepulchral notes said, "I am summoned before the judgment-seat of God." How, on the second day, the Archbishop and all Paris being present, the corpse again rose, and again uttered the dreadful words. How, on the third day, because Raymond had been in the eyes of man a righteous and a good man, they adjured him again to speak, and how he, for the last time, in tones more awful, more despairing than ever had fallen on human ears, spoke again, and said, "I am condemned before the judgment-seat of God, by a just judgment." . . . How Bruno thereupon became a monk. "And a monk, boys, is one who marries Christ, and will not marry the world or anything

in it: just as a nun, girls, is one who marries Christ, and will not marry the world or anything in it. And as a monk is the highest earthly type of manhood, so is a nun the highest earthly type of womanhood."

At the end of the story, the little frames were quivering with excitement, a low thrill ran down the benches, with a terrified catching of the breath, when the narrator's low distinct tones told how the dead man's jaws had opened to let out those direful words, "I am condemned before the judgment-seat of God."

Two things impressed me very forcibly: one, the great power over children that this young clergyman showed; and the other, the enormous difference as regards early, and therefore, to some extent, lifelong notions of religion, between the training of these children and that of myself and my contemporaries. The idea of sacerdotalism five-and-twenty years ago hardly existed. The teaching of hell was, of course, there, but kept in the background, not realized, not put before children in this plain, dreadful way; children's religious stories were of the *Dairyman's Daughter* type, with a certain prettiness and attraction of style about them. The general result of our teaching was to impress us with a sort of feeling that all our own people, except one's own self, who was occasionally very wicked in the way of stealing goodies, telling fibs, and calling names, were good, and perfectly sure to go to heaven; while in the world, somewhere or other, there were wicked people—nothing to do with us—who were perfectly certain to go to hell; that, meantime, God was very good.

What sort of confused notions will these children get? Sooner or later, this sacerdotalism will have to come in contact with the world, when it will get a good deal knocked about; what will be left, after a few years, to the young man? At present the little boy believes the story of Bruno's conversion, believes in absolution and all the rest of it, including the definition of a monk. By and by, he will perceive that if the story is true the priests are all wrong, because evidently Raymond had received absolution, and it was no good to him. He will begin, too, to doubt about the merits of monkdom, and of many other things.

The Church of Christ, as the young priest told us, is built upon a Rock; but that Rock has nothing to do with priests or priesthood. The gospel of Christ is founded on the love of God, not on the fear of God. To teach little children to look on religion through the haze of these mediæval stories of terror and falsehood; to teach them to

be dependent on a "priest;" to insist on a separation of the laity and the clergy, even to minds so young as those that were in the church,—all this appears to me, Sir, a very sad thing; and, if one believed it to be anything but a passing phenomenon, a most gloomy subject of contemplation.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. N.

From The Examiner.

THE SEX OF MIND.

Is it unmanly, as some pretend, to object that woman should be unwomanly? Miss Becker thinks, with Miss Mary Walker, and the members of the broken-hearted club, that all the miseries of the female lot are referable to Judaism, Feudalism, and other religious or social systems invented by the selfish tyranny of man. The morals of the Old Testament and the Koran are, in their eyes, not only barbarous but blasphemous in their antagonism to nature; and modern society, as founded upon the counterpart theory of life, is simply a logical and economical mistake. The anti-sex theory does not set up a mere claim for equal justice, equal consideration, equal dignity, and equal right; it insists on indistinguishability in all that concerns the human mind, is dogmatic in favour of identity of vocations, and ridicules the belief of all whom instinct and reason teach to regard the human mind as wisely and wonderfully adapted to the alternative form which it is daily and hourly destined to animate. There is no difference, Miss Becker tells us, as far as she can perceive, in the sex of mind. We are sorry for it,—that is for Miss Becker's inability to see. But, as Bacon passionately exclaimed, "I'd sooner believe all the fables of the Zend and Talmud than that this fair and mighty world was without a God," so we had rather conclude with certain anthropologists that man was but an educated ape, than that the tantalising struggle of human grief and glory were no more than a mercantile speculation measurable by averages of net gain and governable only on mechanical principles. If there be not always traceable or observable the difference of sex in mind, that is the shame and reproach of our bringing-up; but it no more touches the question whether the distinction ought to be discernible, than the usefulness of nether garments or geometry is arguable, upon the ground that the Zulus are uncommonly fine men though they know nothing of either. Poverty, neglect, ignorance, crime, obliterate all distinctions, as they efface the very image in which man was made;

and on the other hand we know that it is possible so to pervert the faculties of either body or mind, if persons can walk upon their hands instead of their feet, that a woman in flesh tights can make a handsome income by exhibiting on the trapeze or the back of a horse, and that girls can be philosophied out of the remnant of a blush into studying anatomy. So in like manner man may be effeminized by sloth or luxury or cowardice, into a condition where what remains of his intellect is practically indistinguishable from that of good-for-nothing women. What then? Does all this prove anything worth proving? Ought not the question and the sole question to be—How shall we best qualify, by the development of strength and culture of tone, the mind of a man to inform the body of a man? and the mind of a woman worthily and wisely, gracefully and genuinely to inspire her every look and motion, thought and word?

The assimilation of mental sex, were it possible, would simply be detestable; and the attempt would be at once a crime and a blunder. All nature is bifold, not single; and there is no joy or good in life, that is not in harmony with nature's laws. What sort of place a "Bloomer" world would be, had Miss Becker the making of it we cannot tell; but the very thought of it by contrast makes us sick. Ours is a sad and suffering world enough, and all of us are bound to try whether we cannot in one way or other help to make it somewhat better; but to take away that which for countless myriads of our race has formed the chief solace of existence, the manly delight of winning the love of a being who has that to give which man possesses not, that which the instinct of his nature in its perfection forbids him to offer—the homage of affectionate dependence,—while in return it affords to the weaker sex the pride and joy of winning a protector and defender through the storms of life, by the firm though silken coil of feminine fascination—all this must be swept away to make room for the sheman and he-woman of our materialist reformers who tell us that softness and delicacy, household and highway duties, the sports of the field and the cares of the nursery, all equally and indistinguishably belong to women and men. The world is made on the principle of dualism, and so long as it lasts we are assured that day and night, summer and winter shall not cease. Though the globe perpetually whirls on its axis from West to East, we are happily spared the perpetual infliction of the East Wind; and though the conceit of wisecracks bids them perpetually preach the profitable-

ness of clipping the golden edges of sleep, unconsciousness for a third or a fourth of our time is fortunately beyond their power to curtail. Activity and repose when fitly intermarried breed, and their progeny are all that is glorious in the workmanship of man. Why ever lie down to rest? Why not always toil and doze unseparately? Or why let appetite wait upon hunger and have hours for fasting and for food? And as for darkness, let there be a great joint-stock gas association to put down darkness and assimilate day and night. So far from seeing anything ennobling or elevating, merciful or economical in the so-called philosophy of *un-sex*, it seems to us an unnatural dream without any purpose but a mischievous one. That the education of women ought to be as much an object of profound thought, private care and public policy as the education of men, we cordially agree; but the best definition we can give of what that twofold education ought to aim at is this, to train boyhood in the possession of all that is uneffeminate, and girlhood in the moral beauty of all that is unmasculine. The greater difference, not the less, between the two, the better in our opinion.

All the jangling we have heard of late about all avocations being alike fitted for both sexes and all functions, whether domestic or public, of right belonging to both, seems to us but a bad waste of time. If women are to vote at elections and serve on juries, they must, of course, be allowed to practise at the Bar, and to enter Parliament; then why not make them soldiers and sailors, or at least enlist them in regiments of Marines, which would exactly correspond with their epicene gender of mind? Miss Becker and her allies deny that superior strength is a necessary attribute of man. We know that in Central Africa there are battalions of Amazons with sinewy limbs and brawny bosoms; and the existence of "strong"-minded women is a fact which most of us would give the world to be allowed even for a week to doubt. Then we know that fillies sometimes beat the colts in the Derby and St. Leger; and Rosa Bonheur can paint a pony quite as well as Landseer—all which in Miss Becker's logic goes to establish the non-existence of any natural law, and all of which in our mind serves to prove merely that to any great and fundamental law of existence there are exceptions, and in every class and species, gradations of development blending into those that most nearly approach them. But does this suggest a motive or a reason for desiring the obliteration of all the great distinctions of Nature, the effacement in woman of

that which kindles the desire of man, and in man of all that inspires the upward look of respect and reliance, all the unselfish pride in his success and uncompetitive sympathy in his ambition?

From The Spectator.

LEGITIMACY AND ILLEGITIMACY.

It seems evident that there is only one serious difficulty in the way of establishing a single system of marriage throughout Great Britain, if not throughout the United Kingdom. All parties may, we think, judging from the evidence recently taken by the Royal Commissioners, be brought to agree either that registration before an authorized official is a sufficient marriage, or that such registration is an allowable adjunct to the marriage ceremony. If every Catholic priest is declared *ex officio* a registrar there will, we imagine, be no more difficulty in Ireland than in France in declaring that the Courts will recognize only such registration as the proof of marriage; while in Scotland the people seem not unwilling to surrender every peculiarity in their system except one. If we understand the grave lawyers who were the principal witnesses, they, although generally anxious for one or two qualifying clauses, are not indisposed to surrender marriage by consent, marriage by promise, and marriage by repute, and all the rest of their special and very informal forms. Some of the clergy still adhere, we believe on religious grounds, to the principle that a promise followed by intercourse constitutes marriage, and one legal witness attempts to prove, and we think does prove, that this principle has great utility in checking seduction, actions for seduction being almost unknown in Scotland. Still the infinite majority of decent Scotch men and women are married by a minister, and there is apparently no deeply rooted objection to admit that consent had better be formally intimated before a registrar or clergyman. The Scotch are too reasonable a people, and too much alive to the claims at once of property and pedigree, to be heartily anxious to leave the conditions of legal marriage in their present state of uncertainty — an uncertainty so great that there are circumstances under which a man could not tell whether he was married or not. The uncertainty has been hitherto supposed to protect women, but the Commissioners find no evidence in support of this theory, except in the absence of actions for seduction, and it has the effect among the ignorant of destroying the distinction between mar-

riage and concubinage, which, in the large towns, is proved to be exceedingly common. Indeed, it is shown in the evidence that the churches use their internal discipline to insure public marriages in the face of the congregation, and, whatever the three Scotch Assemblies approve may, we may be sure, be made law without much fear of popular resistance. Very grave and able witnesses, however, — including Mr. Moncrieff, whose remarkable ability is not sufficiently recognized South of the Tweed, — are inclined to regret the destruction of the custom which has hitherto obtained in Scotland, as in every other country governed by the Roman law, of allowing subsequent marriage to legitimize children born before it. Lord Inglis, the Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, does not hesitate, in a formal protest, to characterize the English rule on this point as “unnatural and pernicious.” Mr. Moncrieff is as strong in opinion, though not in words; and many witnesses are inclined to suggest that if the marriage laws are to be made uniform, the practice of England on this point should be given up, and not the practice of Scotland. It is in Europe now confined to England alone.

There is not, perhaps, in the whole range of social arrangements, one in which right and expediency conflict so visibly as in this. Every people, Eastern as well as Western, has, we believe, been compelled to draw some distinction between legitimacy and illegitimacy, even Mohammedans accepting some rules, which, however, they rarely obey, about the mother's faith; and yet every such distinction is in itself, as far as the child is concerned, a patent injustice. A direct penalty is inflicted by law upon an innocent person, and by no conceivable system of casuistry can such penalty be made just. The common argument that the child suffers in order that women in general may be deterred from unchastity by the influence of maternal affection would justify us in torturing the child of a murderess, in order that the next mother who purchased arsenic to kill an enemy, might be deterred from using it lest her child should be hurt. In all probability she would be deterred, but nobody would torture the child, for all that. Even in the worst cases, where the child is born of a double adultery, it is entirely innocent, and ought not therefore to be punished, at all events by law. Were justice the sole rule, every child would, under all circumstances, be held in law to be the legitimate child of both its parents, with as much claim to inheritance and as much right to maintenance as any other, a rule which, by the way, would put a severe check upon

concubinage. On the other hand it would, no doubt, introduce almost unendurable anomalies into the family relations, and complications without end in the descent of property and dignities, evils which, with British lawyers, have entirely overwhelmed the natural sense of right. No jurists have gone quite so far as they have in resisting the claims of "natural" children, have legislated with so complete an indifference to the instinctive conscience of mankind. They will not even allow adoption in any legal form, or lighten the 10 per cent. fine to be paid when a total stranger inherits a legacy by will. We cannot but think they have gone too far, and that the claim of illegitimate children ought to be at all events partially recognized, even at the risk of removing one guarantee of morals, but the feudal spirit is not yet sufficiently near its end in England to render discussion useful. We must be content for some time longer to affirm that right and expediency are in this matter at hopeless variance.

So they are in the matter of subsequent legitimization. The English law on the subject, if judged by any known code of morals, must be pronounced, as Lord Inglis describes it, "unnatural and pernicious." Estimate the fault of the parents as we like, it is still a right thing that they should be encouraged to repair it, and, indeed, all Christian churches and Christian ministers make such reparation matter of peremptory duty, while society, if it never quite pardons the woman, does allow that the man has made atonement. The benefit of that atonement is refused only to the child, who was guiltless of the sin and innocent of the breach of social order. Consider the fault as we will, from the religious, the secular, or the moral point of view, and still the Scotch, or rather the Roman system is the better of the two. Religion would inculcate the repentance the subsequent marriage expresses; it is a matter of secular expediency that there should be few bastards in the community; and strict morality would probably declare that the offenders were married already, and that the State in ignoring their union pronounces an unjustifiable divorce. Yet it is not to be denied that the humane and just law of Scotland tends even there to immorality, while in England it would probably produce a serious decrease in marriage. The Commissioners say that in Scotland its effect is to abolish among the lowest class the distinction be-

tween marriage and concubinage, and to diminish the popular value of chastity. The women consider that as subsequent marriage is as good as previous marriage, previous marriage is surplusage, may be postponed, for example, while the lover seeks his fortune, and public opinion ceases to punish, content to hear, "Oh, they will be married by and by!" Those who best know the country districts of England and Wales will know best how fatally such a provision would operate there. It is hard enough as it is, as the clergy in many districts know well, to induce labourers to marry until their brides' shame is only too apparent, and till celibacy would be as expensive as marriage; and under this law they would not marry at all, but leave their wives in service and their children to grow up how they would. Within ten years public opinion would veer round to the point at which it stands in Scotland; a "misfortune" would entail no shame at all, and one of the most necessary guarantees for chastity would gradually disappear. We have not in England the checks which operate in Scotland, either of tradition, or education, or far-reaching clerical discipline, and a habit of concubinage would grow up with fatal rapidity among us. It is hard enough as it is to keep it down in the factory towns, where children earn full wages at fourteen, and at sixteen set up for themselves without parental control. Any such habit is socially inconvenient, even if the couples intend to remain faithful to each other to their lives' end; and morally dangerous as establishing a system not only of possible divorce, and not only of divorce at will, but divorce at the will of a single party to the contract, — a system condemned even by lax moralists, — and of divorce at the will of a single party to the contract without provision for the children, a system condemned by all statesmen without exception. Even if divorce is *in se* right, it must at least be regulated by law, and the Scotch system tends to establish the power in its fullest degree without any regulation at all. The couples who "intend to marry" have only to quarrel, and their marriage is at an end. The change from the English system of legitimacy to the Scotch would, we fear, produce unmitigated mischief; and yet no religious man, or moral man, or just man, can deny that the Scotch system is right, and the English system wrong.

From The Spectator.

LETTER-WRITERS AND AUTOBIOGRAPHERS.*

WE cannot see that any distinct principle has guided Mr. Charles Knight in making this selection. His object has apparently been to make a selection. Some of the letters in the volume have been happily chosen, and bear not only on the characters of their writers, but on the epistolary art. So much cannot be said of the autobiographical fragments, unless they are accepted as private letters written to a friendly posterity. We do not mean that they are devoid of interest. De Quincey's sad memorials of himself, Gibbon's stately History of the Rise and Progress of the Gibbonian Empire, Cowper's memoirs, which, as is well pointed out in this book, present a marked contrast to his letters, afford Mr. Knight many valuable extracts. But except as being readable in themselves, and completing our knowledge of their authors, these sketches have no peculiar claim on our consideration. They are not representative, as they ought to be, and as some of the letters are. When once a selection is made without any thread of unity running through its component parts, when anything that looks attractive is made use of, and much that does not even hold out such a hope is quoted for the sake of quotation, the effect produced is that of paste and scissors, what might seem catholicity of taste is regarded as smattering, and the panegyrics of the compiler on his favourite pieces are taken for puffery of the wares he has to offer. Mr. Charles Knight will be hardly exposed to such suspicions, but he will not have to thank his present book for his escape. If he had not been an old and faithful servant of literature, we might either have passed over this work as a mere compilation, or have dealt severely with its shortcomings. As it is, we think Mr. Charles Knight has taken one of those small liberties which old servants will take occasionally, has made too much of a good idea, and smothered what were promising materials under an inordinate bulk of needless extract.

Such a title as *Half-Hours with the best Letter-Writers and Autobiographers* of course prepares us for an introduction to those who excelled in either department. Mr. Knight has not even attempted this in the present series. He seems to think that any letter, so long as it contains interesting matter, or bears a name known to the pub-

lic, comes within his province. This may be a comfortable theory, and it is certainly prolific. It enables Mr. Knight to insert letters from great men, to great men, and about great men. He can carry autobiography so far as to quote a description of George III. from one of Galt's novels, though it is not even suggested that George III. wrote under the *alias* of Galt, or that Galt drew on his own character for Sir Andrew Wylie. But though Mr. Knight may quote he cannot force the public to read, and he will hardly persuade critics to form an estimate of the worth of his collection. We may avail ourselves of it to point out some of the leading characteristics of the letters it contains, and we must remark that many of these letters are too good for the company in which they are placed. One of the striking, though purely accidental, features of Mr. Knight's work is the publication of some new letters of Southey and Canning. Another interesting feature is the reproduction of the private letters of Junius to Woodfall. But it is difficult to understand why these letters of Southey and Canning should be considered epistolary models simply because they are unpublished, or why short notes which are made memorable by the mystery that surrounds their writer should rank with the delicate art of Cowper, the impulsive friendliness of Burke, and the stiff ease of Gibbon. The following passage is indeed characteristic of Southey:—

“Among my employments I must not forget the most important—Coke. I am obediently diligent in reading this man's commentaries—but I am not obedient enough to think it a good book for the young student. It is so completely unmethodical that I think it should only be read after a man was a tolerable lawyer. For my own part, I find I know something of everything, but have no arranged knowledge. It is like reading *Wanley's Wonders* or *Seward's Anecdotes* to learn history. I envy you who have done with these things, and often wish myself again at Burton. Certainly, I deem some regular employment necessary for most men—some professional study to fix them. But for myself, I am so thoroughly fond of literary pursuits, that it is not by this principle I can reconcile myself to law. Luckily there is a stronger motive, and unluckily that motive applies to me.”

It serves, too, for a link of connection between Southey's letters and those of Canning, when we have Southey writing, “The Aristocrats have found out that such poems are very Jacobinical, and Canning and Nares have given me the title of the Jacobine Poet, and regularly abused me once a

* *Half-Hours with the Best Letter-Writers and Autobiographers*. By Charles Knight. Second Series. London: Routledge.

week since the *Anti-Jacobine* made its appearance. They are the best advertisements in the world, and will soon ridicule any book into a third edition." Moreover, any of Canning's early letters, and notably the one in which he speaks of his Eaton life, would be valuable to the son of the publisher of the *Microcosm*. We are willing to allow for such motives, and it is hard not to respect them even more than they deserve. Besides, a name is so large an element in the popularity of a letter that it often seems to supply the want of all that should accompany it. When once we have a character before us, everything connected with it seems characteristic. The distinction between features and peculiarities, between what makes up the character and what happens to be attached to it, between what is public and general and what is local and personal, is constantly overlooked. A man's features may be marked, and yet may be wholly exceptional. The private letters of Junius, for instance, are most significant so far as the private character of their writer is concerned. In his *Popular History of England*, Mr. Knight could comment appropriately on the audacity which would have weaker letters disowned, the self-importance which looked forward to attainder, the assumption which called Garrick a vagabond and told him to keep to his pantomimes. But here such comments are out of place. One does not select letters in order to show that their writer was a "worthless scoundrel." Even if the value of these letters was greater than it is, it would be purely individual. And this alone ought to exclude them from a representative collection.

Perhaps we have not made our meaning clear. If so the fault has been rather with Mr. Knight than with us. So few, comparatively, of the letters in this series come up to the true standard, that in dwelling on those which have fallen short of it we have forgotten to define it. The reader has, however, examples of perfect art in Cowper's letters, from which Mr. Knight has drawn both wisely and liberally. In all Cowper's letters there is that amount of freedom which marks the distinction between familiar correspondence and the set tasks of authorship. "Now, upon the word of a poor creature," Cowper remarks in one place, "I have said all that I have said without the least intention to say one word of it when I began." There is a very similar confession in Madame de Sevigné, and Burke, as quoted by Mr. Knight, tells one of his correspondents, "I do not know to whom I could write with greater

freedom and less regularity than to you; for as the thoughts come crowding into my head, I cannot forbear putting 'em down, be they in what order or disorder they will." Of course this freedom may be carried to such an extent as to become carelessness, but good writers know when to unbend and when to stop short. That they should be able to unbend appears not only from Cowper's example, but from the severe judgment he passes on the affected smartness of Pope. "This foolish vanity," he says, "would have spoiled me quite, and would have made me as disgusting a letter-writer as Pope, who seems to have thought that unless a sentence was well turned, and every period pointed with some conceit, it was not worth the carriage. Accordingly, he is to me, except in very few instances, the most disagreeable maker of epistles that ever I met with." Even Gibbon relaxes now and then,—*neque semper arcum tendit*. The account of the *Decline and Fall*, given to his stepmother, may be usefully contrasted with the more youthful letter to his aunt, which we quote below. "I am just at present engaged in a great historical work—no less than a *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; with the first volume of which I may very possibly oppress the public next winter. It would require some pages to give a more particular idea of it; but I shall only say in general that the subject is curious, and never yet treated as it deserves; and that during some years it has been in my thoughts, and even under my pen." The letter to his aunt dates from his nineteenth year, and is far more of a precursor of the *Decline and Fall* than the one which announces its approaching publication:—

"Dear Madam,—Fear no reproaches for your negligence, however great; for your silence, however long. I love you too well to make you any. Nothing, in my opinion, is so ridiculous as some kinds of friends, wives, and lovers, who look on no crime as so heinous as the letting slip a poet without writing. The charm of friendship is liberty; and he that would destroy the one, destroys, without designing it, the better half of the other. I compare friendship to charity, and letters to alms; the last signifies nothing without the first, and very often the first is very strong, although it does not show itself by the other. It is not good-will which is wanting, it is only opportunities or means. However, one month—two months—three months—four months: I began not to be angry, but to be uneasy, for fear some accident had happened to you. I was often on the point of writing, but was always stopped by the hopes of hearing from you the next post. Besides, not to flatter you, your excuse is a very bad one.

You cannot entertain me by your letters. I think I ought to know that better than you; and I assure you that one of your plain sincere letters entertains me more than the most polished one of Pliny or Cicero. 'Tis your heart speaks, and I look on your heart as much better in its way than either of their heads."

There is something in the suggestion as to oppressing the public which takes even the first of these letters out of the category in which Cowper's letters would be classed. But what could be more pedantic than the assurance that news from an affectionate relation is weighed in the balance against the works of Pliny and Cicero? Such an allusion shows a mind absorbed in dry studies, and even more proud of them than pleased with them. It is true that in the friendly correspondence of famous people we too often detect those follies of the wise which Johnson assigned to the last scene of life. But, then, these follies may have their charm for us. They may show us that great men are not more than men. They may make us more contented with our own littleness, and more ready to allow the merits of those who are not wholly removed from our appreciation. Besides their charm, they have often a valuable lesson. It must strengthen our hopes for the progress of the world to find that the arguments employed fifty years ago by persons to whose judgments some deference must be paid, have now become the undisputed property of men with whom it would be idle to argue. This, at least, is the moral we draw from the following letter of Hannah More's, written in 1823 to William Wilberforce:—

"Our poor are now to be made scholars and philosophers. I am not the champion of ignorance, but I own I am alarmed at the violence of the contrast. . . . The poor must not only read English, but ancient history, and even the sciences are to be laid open to them. Now, not to inquire where would they get the money, —I ask, where would a labouring man get the time? Time is the fortune of a poor man; and as to what they would gain from Grecian history, why, they would learn that the meanest citizen of Athens could determine on the merits of a tragedy of Euripides; to do which they must always live in a playhouse, as, indeed, they almost always did; they were such critics in language as to detect a foreign accent in a great philosopher, &c.—and yet history does not speak of a more turbulent, unmanageable, profligate people. . . . If you are not quite tired of me and my senilities, I will proceed to a few facts to illustrate my theory. Not only in the great national schools, but in the little paltry cottage seminaries of three-pence a week, I hear of the most ridiculous instances of

the affectation of literature. A poor little girl of this stamp was in my room one day when a gentleman was sitting with me. He asked her what she was reading at school. "Oh, Sir, the whole circle of the sciences!"—"Indeed!" said he; "that must be a very large work!"—"No, Sir; it is a very little book, it cost half a crown." My friend smiled, and lamented that what was of such easy attainment had cost him so much time and money. I asked a little girl, a servant's child, the other day, what she was reading, and if she could say her Catechism. "Oh, no, Madam, I am learning *Syntax*!" "What I am going to add, you will think an exaggeration, if not an invention, but it is a literal fact. A girl in the next parish being asked what she learnt, answered, "I learn *gogaphy*, and the *harts* and *senses*." In many schools, I am assured, writing and accounts are taught on Sundays. This is a regular apprenticeship to sin. He who is taught arithmetic when a boy will, when a man, open his shop on a Sunday. Now, in my poor judgment, all this has a revolutionary as well as irreligious tendency; and the misfortune is, that the growing ultraism on the side of learning, falsely so called, will irritate and inflame the old bigotry, which hugged absolute ignorance as hidden treasure, not to be parted with; while the sober measure of Christian instruction which lies between the two extremes will be rejected by both parties."

From The Economist.

Byeways in Palestine. By JAMES FINN, M. R. A. S., late Her Majesty's Consul for Jerusalem and Palestine. James Nisbet and Co., 21 Berners street.

WE have no doubt that Mr. Finn enjoyed his travels among the Byeways of the Holy Land as much as he tells us he did, but he has not the faculty of reproducing his enjoyment for the benefit of his readers. A more conscientiously dull book has seldom fallen to our lot to notice, yet there is a good deal in it that might have been made interesting, and that even now is worth seeking out at the expense of a few yawns of weariness over the tedium of the task. Its object is best shown by some words in the preface, which will also serve as a specimen of the point of view from which the author looks at his subject and of his style of treatment:—

These notices will show that the land is one of remarkable fertility wherever cultivated, even in a slight degree,—witness the vast wheat-plains of the South,—and is one of extreme beauty,—witness the green hill country of the North,—although such qualities are by no means confined to those districts. Thus it is not necessary, it is not just, that believers in the

Bible, in order to hold fast their confidence in its predictions for the future, should rush into the extreme of pronouncing the Holy Land to be cursed in its present capabilities. It is verily and indeed cursed in its Government and in its want of population; but still the soil is that of "a land which the Lord thy God careth for." There is a deep meaning in the words "The Earth is the Lord's," when applied to that peculiar country; for it is a reserved property, an estate in abeyance, and not even in a subordinate sense can it be the fief of the men whom it eats up. I have seen enough to convince me that astonishing will be the amount of its produce, and the rapidity also when the obstacles now existing are removed.

It is to this part of his notes of travel that we shall confine ourselves. The productive capabilities of this once fertile, but now all but desert land; the archaeological investigations do not strike us as of great value though in his wanderings Mr. Finn came across many curious relics of antiquity, such as that of the "Syrian Stone-henge," near Sarepta (now Sarafend), "certainly of earlier period than any Greek or Roman architecture in the country." His records of his various journeys are dull in the extreme, the fault of a want of literary ability, not of any lack of picturesque and varied incidents. There can be no monotony at least in travelling in a country where villages spring up and vanish in a year or two. "At one time Foolah" (in the plain of Esdraelon) was a heap of ruins, while its neighbour Afoolah had its residents; on my next visit it was Foolah rebuilt and the other a heap of overthrown stones; or next time both of them lying in utter silence and desertion." The author tried his hand at the construction of a village near to a summer residence — (if a cottage of rough stones with tents for sleeping in, a kitchen built out of a mud wall and branches of trees, and an ancient sepulchre for a summer house, the whole perched on a hill-side on the way from Jerusalem to Hebron, deserves so high sounding a name). "A friend, of whom I hope to speak more in another time and place, superintended for me the rebuilding of an ancient Biblical village that lay a heap and a desolation, and cleared out its spring of water, which, by being choked up with rubbish, made its way unseen underground. It thus became nearly as copious as that alongside of Solomon's Pools. I gathered people into the village, vineyards were planted, crops were sown and reaped there, taxes were paid to the Government, and the vicinity, which previously had been notorious for robberies on the Hebron

road, became perfectly secure. On one of my visits, a list was presented to me of ninety-eight inhabitants where a year-and-a-half before there was not one. Homesteads were rebuilt; the people possessed horned cattle and flocks of sheep and goats, as well as beehives. I saw women grinding at the mill, and at one of the doors a cat and a kitten; all was going on prosperously. Purer pleasure I never felt than when in riding occasionally with our children we saw the threshing of wheat and barley in progress, and heard the women singing, or the little children shouting at their games. Sixty cows used to be driven at noon to drink at the spring. We returned to Jerusalem on the 21st of October, and on the 28th of November that village was again a mass of ruins, — the houses demolished, — the people dispersed, — their newly sown corn and the vineyards ploughed over, — the fine spring of water choked up once more, — and my Australian trees planted there torn up by the roots. All this was allowed to be done within nine miles of Jerusalem to gratify persons engaged in an intrigue which ended in deeds far worse than this." The author may truly say this country is cursed in its Government. Under a settled and just if stern rule, this experiment proves what the people and soil are capable of effecting.

We will give a few extracts from different parts of his book illustrative of the writer's theory of the productiveness of the soil under even its present mode of cultivation: —

In one place (on the Philistine plain), I remarked some hundred yards square of fine oats. This was surprising, as I knew that oats are not cultivated in Palestine. The people assured me that they were of excellent quality; and as the name "Khafer" seemed to be well known, it seems difficult to understand that oats have not been at some time cultivated in that part of the country. With respect to its Arabic name, it is worth notice how near it is to the German name "Hafer" for oats. Wetzstein has since found wild oats growing on the N.E. of the Hauran. . . . All the plain and the low hills formed one waving sheet of corn without divisions or trees; and often, as we had no tracks for guidance, we had to take sight of some object on the horizon and work straight towards it. It was amid such a wonderful profusion that Samson let loose the foxes or jackals with firebrands, taking revenge on the Philistines, and he called it "doing them a displeasure!" I have seen from Jerusalem the smoke of corn burning, which had accidentally taken fire in this very district. . . . Another hour brought us to Asdod (Ashdod) of the Philistines, with Atna and Bait Durás on

our left. I do not know where in all the Holy Land I have seen such excellent agriculture of grain, olive trees, and orchards of fruit, as here in Aeshdod. The fields would do credit to English farming, the tall, healthy, and cleanly population were perfectly white though rather coarse dresses, and carried no guns, only the short sword called the Khanjar. We rested in an orchard beneath a large mulberry tree, the fruit of which was just setting, and the adjacent pomegranate trees shone in their glazed foliage and bright scarlet blossoms, the hedges of prickly pear were bursting into yellow fruit, palm trees rising beyond, the sky was of deep sapphire brilliancy, and the sun delightfully hot.

In a footnote our author tells us that "since that journey I have been told by the country people that between Gaza and Beersheba it is the practice to sow wheat very thinly indeed, and to expect every seed to produce thirty to fifty stalks, and every stalk to give forty seeds."

A land which can bear forty, fifty, or an hundredfold after this fashion, is not yet without hopes of future prosperity, whenever the incubus of Turkish rule (if ever that golden time for Palestine is to arrive) shall be removed.

From The Glasgow Christian News.

BARNES' NOTES ON THE PSALMS.

It is with feelings tinged with sorrow that we direct attention to this work from the pen of one of the most useful servants of the Lord Jesus Christ. The name of Albert Barnes is a household name on both sides of the Atlantic, and it is respected and beloved wherever known. He who bears it has no enemies and a multitude of friends. His works are numerous, and they have aimed at the highest of all ends, the unfolding the meaning of the word of God. He has sent out more than half a million of volumes of Commentary on the Scriptures in his native land, and as many, if not more, in Great Britain. And now we are assured by himself that his work is done. He has reached that condition in life when he must needs lay down his unwearied pen, and wait the call of the Master. . . . There is something appropriate in closing a long life's work such as that of Albert Barnes with 'Notes on the Book of Psalms.' It requires many qualifications to expound the Songs of Zion, and amongst some of the most essential are those which alone can be possessed through experience. The Psalms are great deeps into which the mature and the mellowed alone can descend, to bring to the surface the rich truth which they contain. No young man, except in a high spiritual state, should attempt to expound the Psalms as a whole. His wing may be so strong as to carry him high enough and hold him up long enough at a time to survey a small corner of this marvellous field of inspiration, but a comprehensive survey for such an one is not possible. The real Christian soul who has had its sins and its sorrows, its darkness and its light,

its sight of the righteousness as well as of the mercy of God—who has wept as well as rejoiced, is alone furnished with what is needed to expound the forum of speech, by which, for ages, the members of the Church of the living God have expressed their fears, reverence, and love to the Hearer of praise, and the Answerer of prayer. Such an one is our author. He is a man who by natural talent, culture, and experience is somewhat well-fitted for the task he has undertaken. For twelve long years he has devoted himself to this undertaking, and we are mistaken if this his last work will not be reckoned among the best, if not the best book which has proceeded from his pen.

THE Rev. Albert Barnes is the author of a series of *Critical, Explanatory, and Practical Notes on the Book of Psalms* (Harpers), to be finished in three volumes, the first of which is just published. The preparation of the work has been carried on at intervals for the last twelve years, and Mr. Barnes now offers it as the completion of his Commentaries on the Scriptures. From any attempt to carry the undertaking further he is debarred by failing eye-sight. The volume before us opens with a brief introduction on the history of this collection of sacred songs. Not many more than half the number are ascribed to David, the rest having been composed by various authors. The period within which the different Psalms were produced extends from the time of Moses to the return of the Jews from the captivity of Babylon, or later. The character of the book gives evidence that it is composed of several separate collections, probably made at different epochs, and finally combined for use in public worship. The first collection is formed entirely of the Psalms of David, while the other four consist principally of songs by other poets, many being entirely anonymous. The formation of the Psalter or assembling of the whole book is ascribed by the Jewish Talmud to King David; but the more modern date of many of the Psalms contradicts the assertion. The received opinion among modern critics is, that the general collection was made by Ezra about 450 years before Christ. In Mr. Barnes's work the Psalms are printed, each verse by itself, on the top of the page, the remainder being occupied by copious notes and comments. Every point in which the translation differs from the original, or fails to convey the full meaning, is minutely explained, and descriptions are given of all local incidents and customs which in any way affect the sense. Mr. Barnes also takes the opportunity to point out the moral and religious lessons conveyed in the text, and to exhibit its beauties of feeling and expression. With these volumes, if they are indeed to be the last, Mr. Barnes will bring to a close a long and eminent course of labors in the field of religious literature. For many years his works have been widely circulated, and his unusual ability has been constantly and fervently exercised in the support of evangelical Christianity.

New York Sun.

CHAPTER XLII.

LADY BALDOCK DOES NOT SEND A CARD.

LADY BALDOCK's house in Berkeley Square was very stately, — a large house with five front windows in a row, and a big door, and a huge square hall, and a fat porter in a round-topped chair; — but it was dingy and dull, and could not have been painted for the last ten years, or furnished for the last twenty. Nevertheless, Lady Baldock had "evenings," and people went to them, — though not such a crowd of people as would go to the evenings of Lady Glen-cora. Now Mr. Phineas Finn had not been asked to the evenings of Lady Baldock for the present season, and the reason was after this wise.

"Yes, Mr. Finn;" Lady Baldock had said to her daughter, who, early in the spring, was preparing the cards. "You may send one to Mr. Finn, certainly."

"I don't know that he is very nice," said Augusta Boreham, whose eyes at Saulsby had been sharper perhaps than her mother's, and who had her suspicions.

But Lady Baldock did not like interference from her daughter. "Mr. Finn, certainly," she continued. "They tell me that he is a very rising young man, and he sits for Lord Brentford's borough. Of course he is a Radical, but we cannot help that. All the rising young men are Radicals now. I thought him very civil at Saulsby."

"But, mamma —"

"Well!"

"Don't you think that he is a little too free with Violet?"

"What on earth do you mean, Augusta?"

"Have you not fancied that he is — fond of her?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"I think he is. And I have sometimes fancied that she is fond of him, too."

"I don't believe a word of it, Augusta, — not a word. I should have seen it if it was so. I am very sharp in seeing such things. They never escape me. Even Violet would not be such a fool as that. Send him a card, and if he comes I shall soon see." Miss Boreham quite understood her mother, though she could never master her, — and the card was prepared. Miss Boreham could never master her mother by her own efforts; but it was, I think, by a little intrigue on her part that Lady Baldock was mastered, and, indeed, altogether cowed, in reference to our hero, and that this victory was gained on that very afternoon in time to prevent the sending of the card.

When the mother and daughter were at tea, before dinner, Lord Baldock came into

the room, and, after having been patted and praised by his mother, he took up all the cards out of a china bowl and ran his eyes over them. "Lord Fawn!" he said; "the greatest ass in all London! Lady Hartlelop! you know she won't come." "I don't see why she shouldn't come," said Lady Baldock; — "a mere country clergyman's daughter!" "Julius Caesar Conway; — a great friend of mine, and therefore he always blackballs my other friends at the club. Lord Chiltern; I thought you were at daggers drawn with Lord Chiltern." "They say he is going to be reconciled to his father, Gustavus, and I do it for Lord Brentford's sake. And he won't come, so it does not signify. And I do believe that Violet has really refused him." "You are quite right about his not coming," said Lord Baldock, continuing to read the cards; "Chiltern certainly won't come. Count Sparrowsky; — I wonder what you know about Sparrowsky that you should ask him here." "He is asked about, Gustavus; he is indeed," pleaded Lady Baldock. "I believe that Sparrowsky is a penniless adventurer. Mr. Monk; well, he is a Cabinet Minister. Sir Gregory Greeswing; you mix your people nicely at any rate. Sir Gregory Greeswing is the most old-fashioned Tory in England." "Of course we are not political, Gustavus." "Phineas Finn. They come alternately, — one and one."

"Mr. Finn is asked everywhere, Gustavus."

"I don't doubt it. They say he is a very good sort of fellow. They say also that Violet has found that out as well as other people."

"What do you mean, Gustavus?"

"I mean that everybody is saying that this Phineas Finn is going to set himself up in the world by marrying your niece. He is quite right to try it on, if he has a chance."

"I don't think he would be right at all," said Lady Baldock with much energy. "I think he would be wrong, — shamefully wrong. They say he's the son of an Irish doctor, and that he hasn't a shilling in the world."

"That is just why he should be right. What is such a man to do, but to marry money? He's a deuced good-looking fellow, too, and will be sure to do it."

"He should work for his money in the city, then, or somewhere there. But I don't believe it, Gustavus; I don't indeed."

"Very well. I only tell you what I hear. The fact is that he and Chiltern have already quarrelled about her. If I

were to tell you that they have been over to Holland together and fought a duel about her, you wouldn't believe that."

"Fought a duel about Violet! People don't fight duels now, and I should not believe it."

"Very well. Then send your card to Mr. Finn." And, so saying, Lord Baldock left the room.

Lady Baldock sat in silence for some time toasting her toes at the fire, and Augusta Boreham sat by, waiting for orders. She felt pretty nearly sure that new orders would be given if she did not herself interfere. "You had better put by that card for the present, my dear," said Lady Baldock at last. "I will make inquiries. I don't believe a word of what Gustavus has said. I don't think that even Violet is such a fool as that. But if rash and ill-natured people have spoken of it, it may be as well to be careful."

"It is always well to be careful; is it not, mamma?"

"Not but what I think it is very improper that these things should be said about a young woman; and as for the story of the duel, I don't believe a word of it. It is absurd. I daresay that Gustavus invented it at the moment, just to amuse himself."

The card of course was not sent, and Lady Baldock at any rate put so much faith in her son's story as to make her feel it to be her duty to interrogate her niece on the subject. Lady Baldock at this period of her life was certainly not free from fear of Violet Effingham. In the numerous encounters which took place between them, the aunt seldom gained that amount of victory which would have completely satisfied her spirit. She longed to be dominant over her niece as she was dominant over her daughter; and when she found that she missed such supremacy, she longed to tell Violet to depart from out her borders, and be no longer niece of hers. But had she ever done so, Violet would have gone at the instant, and then terrible things would have followed. There is a satisfaction in turning out of doors a nephew or niece who is pecuniarily dependent, but when the youthful relative is richly endowed, the satisfaction is much diminished. It is the duty of a guardian, no doubt, to look after the ward; but if this cannot be done, the ward's money should at least be held with as close a fist as possible. But Lady Baldock, though she knew that she would be sorely wounded, poked about on her old body with the sharp lances of disobedience, and struck with the cruel swords of satire, if she took upon herself to scold or even to question Violet,

nevertheless would not abandon the pleasure of lecturing and teaching. "It is my duty," she would say to herself, "and though it be taken in a bad spirit, I will always perform my duty." So she performed her duty, and asked Violet Effingham some few questions respecting Phineas Finn. "My dear," she said, "do you remember meeting a Mr. Finn at Saulsby?"

"A Mr. Finn, aunt! Why, he is a particular friend of mine. Of course I do, and he was at Saulsby. I have met him there more than once. Don't you remember that we were riding about together?"

"I remember that he was there, certainly; but I did not know that he was a special friend."

"Most especial, aunt. A 1, I may say; — among young men, I mean."

Lady Baldock was certainly the most indiscreet of old women in such a matter as this, and Violet the most provoking of young ladies. Lady Baldock, believing that there was something to fear, — as, indeed, there was, much to fear, — should have been content to destroy the card, and to keep the young lady away from the young gentleman, if such keeping away was possible to her. But Miss Effingham was certainly very wrong to speak of any young man as being A 1. Fond as I am of Miss Effingham, I cannot justify her, and must acknowledge that she used the most offensive phrase she could find, on purpose to annoy her aunt.

"Violet," said Lady Baldock, bridling up, "I never heard such a word before from the lips of a young lady."

"Not as A 1? I thought it simply meant very good."

"A 1 is a nobleman," said Lady Baldock.

"No, aunt; — A 1 is a ship, — a ship that is very good," said Violet.

"And do you mean to say that Mr. Finn is, — is, — is, — very good?"

"Yes, indeed. You ask Lord Brentford, and Mr. Kennedy. You know he saved poor Mr. Kennedy from being throttled in the streets."

"That has nothing to do with it. A policeman might have done that."

"Then he would have been A 1 of policemen, — though A 1 does not mean a policeman."

"He would have done his duty, and so perhaps did Mr. Finn."

"Of course he did, aunt. It couldn't have been his duty to stand by and see Mr. Kennedy throttled. And he nearly killed one of the men, and took the other prisoner with his own hands. And he made a

beautiful speech the other day. I read every word of it. I am so glad he's a Liberal. I do like young men to be Liberals." Now Lord Baldock was a Tory, as had been all the Lord Baldocks, — since the first who had been bought over from the Whigs in the time of George III. at the cost of a barony."

"You have nothing to do with politics, Violet."

"Why shouldn't I have something to do with politics, aunt?"

"And I must tell you that your name is being very unpleasantly mentioned in connection with that of this young man because of your indiscretion."

"What indiscretion?" Violet, as she made her demand for a more direct accusation, stood quite upright before her aunt, looking the old woman full in the face, — almost with her arms akimbo.

"Calling him A 1, Violet."

"People have been talking about me and Mr. Finn, because I just now, at this very moment, called him A 1 to you! If you want to scold me about anything, aunt, do find out something less ridiculous than that."

"It was most improper language, — and if you used it to me, I am sure you would to others."

"To what others?"

"To Mr. Finn, — and those sort of people."

"Call Mr. Finn A 1 to his face! Well, — upon my honour I don't know why I should not. Lord Chiltern says he rides beautifully, and if we were talking about riding I might do so."

"You have no business to talk to Lord Chiltern about Mr. Finn at all."

"Have I not? I thought that perhaps the one sin might palliate the other. You know, aunt, no young lady, let her be ever so ill-disposed, can marry two objectionable young men, — at the same time."

"I said nothing about your marrying Mr. Finn."

"Then, aunt, what did you mean?"

"I meant that you should not allow yourself to be talked of with an adventurer, a young man without a shilling, a person who has come from nobody knows where in the bogs of Ireland."

"But you used to ask him here."

"Yes, — as long as he knew his place. But I shall not do so again. And I must beg you to be circumspect."

"My dear aunt, we may as well understand each other. I will not be circumspect, as you call it. And if Mr. Finn asked me to marry him to-morrow, and if I

liked him well enough, I would take him, — even though he had been dug right out of a bog. Not only because I liked him, — mind! If I were unfortunate enough to like a man who was nothing, I would refuse him in spite of my liking — because he was nothing. But this young man is not nothing. Mr. Finn is a fine fellow, and if there were no other reason to prevent my marrying him than his being the son of a doctor, and coming out of the bogs, that would not do so. Now I have made a clean breast to you as regards Mr. Finn; and if you do not like what I've said, aunt, you must acknowledge that you have brought it on yourself."

Lady Baldock was left for a time speechless. But no card was sent to Phineas Finn.

CHAPTER XLIII.

PROMOTION.

PHINEAS got no card from Lady Baldock, but one morning he received a note from Lord Brentford which was of more importance to him than any card could have been. At this time, bit by bit, the Reform Bill of the day had nearly made its way through the committee, but had been so mutilated as to be almost impossible of recognition by its progenitors. And there was still a clause or two as to the re-arrangement of seats, respecting which it was known that there would be a combat, — probably combats, — carried on after the internecine fashion. There was a certain clipping of counties to be done, as to which it was said that Mr. Daubeny had declared that he would not yield till he was made to do so by the brute force of majorities; — and there was another clause for the drafting of certain superfluous members from little boroughs, and bestowing them on populous towns at which they were much wanted, respecting which Mr. Turnbull had proclaimed that the clause as it now stood was a *fainéant* clause, capable of doing, and intended to do, no good in the proper direction; a clause put into the bill to gull ignorant folk who had not eyes enough to recognise the fact that it was *fainéant*; a make-believe clause, — so said Mr. Turnbull, — to be detested on that account by every true reformer worse than the old Philistine bonds and Tory figments of representation, as to which there was at least no hypocritical pretence of popular fitness. Mr. Turnbull had been very loud and very angry, — had talked much of demonstrations among the people, and had almost threatened the House. The House

in its present mood did not fear any demonstrations,—but it did fear that Mr. Turnbull might help Mr. Daubeny, and that Mr. Daubeny might help Mr. Turnbull. It was now May,—the middle of May,—and ministers, who had been at work on their Reform Bill ever since the beginning of the session, were becoming weary of it. And then, should these odious clauses escape the threatened Turnbull-Daubeny alliance,—then there was the House of Lords! “What a pity we can’t pass our bills at the Treasury, and have done with them!” said Laurence Fitzgibbon. “Yes, indeed,” replied Mr. Ratler. “For myself, I was never so tired of a session in my life. I wouldn’t go through it again to be made,—no, not to be made Chancellor of the Exchequer.”

Lord Brentford’s note to Phineas Finn was as follows:—

“House of Lords, 16th May, 186—.

“MY DEAR MR. FINN,

“You are no doubt aware that Lord Bosanquet’s death has taken Mr. Mottram into the Upper House, and that as he was Under Secretary for the Colonies, and as the Under Secretary must be in the Lower House, the vacancy must be filled up.” The heart of Phineas Finn at this moment was almost in his mouth. Not only to be selected for political employment, but to be selected at once for an office so singularly desirable! Under Secretaries, he fancied, were paid two thousand a year. What would Mr. Low say now? But his great triumph soon received a check. “Mr. Mildmay has spoken to me on the subject,” continued the letter, “and informs me that he has offered the place at the colonies to his old supporter, Mr. Laurence Fitzgibbon.” Laurence Fitzgibbon! “I am inclined to think that he could not have done better, as Mr. Fitzgibbon has shown great zeal for his party. This will vacate the Irish seat at the Treasury Board, and I am commissioned by Mr. Mildmay to offer it to you. Perhaps you will do me the pleasure of calling on me to-morrow between the hours of eleven and twelve.

“Yours very sincerely,

“BRENTFORD.”

Phineas was himself surprised to find that his first feeling on reading this letter was one of dissatisfaction. Here were his golden hopes about to be realised,—hopes as to the realisation of which he had been quite despondent twelve months ago,—and yet he was uncomfortable because he was to be postponed to Laurence Fitzgibbon. Had

the new Under Secretary been a man whom he had not known, whom he had not learned to look down upon as inferior to himself, he would not have minded it,—would have been full of joy at the promotion proposed for himself. But Laurence Fitzgibbon was such a poor creature, that the idea of filling a place from which Laurence had risen was distasteful to him. “It seems to be all a matter of favour and convenience,” he said to himself, “without any reference to the service.” His triumph would have been so complete had Mr. Mildmay allowed him to go into the higher place at one leap. Other men who had made themselves useful had done so. In the first hour after receiving Lord Brentford’s letter, the idea of becoming a Lord of the Treasury was almost displeasing to him. He had an idea that junior lordships of the Treasury were generally bestowed on young members whom it was convenient to secure, but who were not good at doing any thing. There was a moment in which he thought that he would refuse to be made a junior lord.

But during the night cooler reflections told him that he had been very wrong. He had taken up politics with the express desire of getting his foot upon a rung of the ladder of promotion, and now, in his third session, he was about to be successful. Even as a junior lord he would have a thousand a year; and how long might he have sat in chambers, and have wandered about Lincoln’s Inn, and have loitered in the courts striving to look as though he had business, before he would have earned a thousand a year! Even as a junior lord he could make himself useful, and when once he should be known to be a good working man, promotion would come to him. No ladder can be mounted without labour; but this ladder was now open above his head, and he already had his foot upon it.

At half-past eleven he was with Lord Brentford, who received him with the blandest smile and a pressure of the hand which was quite cordial. “My dear Finn,” he said, “this gives me the most sincere pleasure,—the greatest pleasure in the world. Our connection together at Loughton of course makes it doubly agreeable to me.”

“I cannot be too grateful to you, Lord Brentford.”

“No, no; no, no. It is all your own doing. When Mr. Mildmay asked me whether I did not think you the most promising of the young members on our side in your House, I certainly did say that I quite concurred. But I should be taking too much on myself, I should be acting dishonestly, if I were to allow you to imagine that

it was my proposition. Had he asked me to recommend, I should have named you; that I say frankly. But he did not. He did not. Mr. Mildmay named you himself. 'Do you think,' he said, 'that your friend Finn would join us at the Treasury?' I told him that I did think so. 'And do you not think,' said he, 'that it would be a useful appointment?' Then I ventured to say that I had no doubt whatever on that point; — that I knew you well enough to feel confident that you would lend a strength to the Liberal Government. Then there were a few words said about your seat, and I was commissioned to write to you. That was all."

Phineas was grateful, but not too grateful, and bore himself very well in the interview. He explained to Lord Brentford that of course it was his object to serve the country, — and to be paid for his services, — and that he considered himself to be very fortunate to be selected so early in his career for parliamentary place. He would endeavour to do his duty, and could safely say of himself that he did not wish to eat the bread of idleness. As he made this assertion, he thought of Laurence Fitzgibbon. Laurence Fitzgibbon had eaten the bread of idleness, and yet he was promoted. But Phineas said nothing to Lord Brentford about his idle friend. When he had made his little speech he asked a question about the borough.

"I have already ventured to write a letter to my agent at Loughton, telling him that you have accepted office, and that you will be shortly there again. He will see Shortribs and arrange it. But if I were you I should write to Shortribs and to Grating, — after I had seen Mr. Mildmay. Of course you will not mention my name." And the Earl looked very grave as he uttered this caution.

"Of course I will not," said Phineas.

"I do not think you will find any difficulty about the seat," said the peer. "There never has been any difficulty at Loughton yet. I must say that for them. And if we can scrape through with Clause 72 we shall be all right; — shall we not?" This was the clause as to which so violent an opposition was expected from Mr. Turnbull, — a clause as to which Phineas himself had felt that he would hardly know how to support the Government, in the event of the committee being pressed to a division upon it. Could he, an ardent reformer, a reformer at heart, — could he say that such a borough as Loughton should be spared; — that the arrangement by which Shortribs and Grating had sent him to Parliament, in obedi-

ence to Lord Brentford's orders, was in due accord with the theory of a representative legislature? In what respect had Gattton and old Sarum been worse than Loughton? Was he not himself false to his principle in sitting for such a borough as Loughton? He had spoken to Mr. Monk, and Mr. Monk had told him that Rome was not built in a day, — and had told him also that good things were most valued and were most valuable when they came by instalments. But then Mr. Monk himself enjoyed the satisfaction of sitting for a popular constituency. He was not personally pricked in the conscience by his own parliamentary position. Now, however, — now that Phineas had consented to join the Government, any such considerations as these must be laid aside. He could no longer be a free agent, or even a free thinker. He had been quite aware of this, and had taught himself to understand that members of Parliament in the direct service of the Government were absolved from the necessity of free-thinking. Individual free-thinking was incompatible with the position of a member of the Government, and unless such abnegation were practised, no Government would be possible. It was of course a man's duty to bind himself together with no other men but those with whom, on matters of general policy, he could agree heartily; — but having found that he could so agree, he knew that it would be his duty as a subaltern to vote as he was directed. It would trouble his conscience less to sit for Loughton and vote for an objectionable clause as a member of the Government, than it would have done to give such a vote as an independent member. In so resolving, he thought that he was simply acting in accordance with the acknowledged rules of parliamentary government. And therefore, when Lord Brentford spoke of Clause 72, he could answer pleasantly, "I think we shall carry it; and, you see, in getting it through committee, if we can carry it by one, that is as good as a hundred. That's the comfort of close-fighting in committee. In the open House we are almost as much beaten by a narrow majority as by a vote against us."

"Just so; just so," said Lord Brentford, delighted to see that his young pupil, — as he regarded him, — understood so well the system of parliamentary management. "By-the-bye, Finn, have you seen Chiltern lately?"

"Not quite lately," said Phineas, blushing up to his eyes.

"Or heard from him?"

"No; — nor heard from him. When last I heard of him he was in Brussels."

"Ah, — yes; he is somewhere on the Rhine now. I thought that as you were so intimate, perhaps you corresponded with him. Have you heard that we have arranged about Lady Laura's money?"

"I have heard. Lady Laura has told me."

"I wish he would return," said Lord Brentford sadly, — almost solemnly. "As that great difficulty is over, I would receive him willingly, and make my house pleasant to him, if I can do so. I am most anxious that he should settle, and marry. Could you not write to him?" Phineas, not daring to tell Lord Brentford that he had quarrelled with Lord Chiltern, — feeling that if he did so everything would go wrong, — said that he would write to Lord Chiltern.

As he went away he felt that he was bound to get an answer from Violet Effingham. If it should be necessary, he was willing to break with Lord Brentford on that matter, — even though such breaking should lose him his borough and his place; — but not on any other matter.

CHAPTER XLIV.

PHINEAS AND HIS FRIENDS.

OUR hero's friends were, I think, almost more elated by our hero's promotion than was our hero himself. He never told himself that it was a great thing to be a junior lord of the Treasury, though he acknowledged to himself that to have made a successful beginning was a very great thing. But his friends were loud in their congratulations, — or condolences as the case might be.

He had his interview with Mr. Mildmay, and, after that, one of his first steps was to inform Mrs. Bunce that he must change his lodgings. "The truth is, Mrs. Bunce, not that I want anything better; but that a better position will be advantageous to me, and that I can afford to pay for it." Mrs. Bunce acknowledged the truth of the argument, with her apron up to her eyes. "I've got to be so fond of looking after you, Mr. Finn! I have indeed," said Mrs. Bunce. "It is not just what you pays like, because another party will pay as much. But we've got so used to you, Mr. Finn, — haven't we?" Mrs. Bunce was probably not aware herself that the comeliness of her lodger had pleased her feminine eye, and touched her feminine heart. Had anybody said that Mrs. Bunce was in love with Phineas, the scandal would have been monstrous. And yet it was so, — after a fashion. And Bunce knew it, — after his fashion. "Don't be such an old fool," he said, "crying after him because he is six foot high." "I ain't

crying after him because he's six foot high," whined the poor woman; — "but one does like old faces better than new, and a gentleman about one's place is pleasant." "Gentlemen be d—d," said Bunce. But his anger was excited, not by his wife's love for Phineas, but by the use of an objectionable word.

Bunce himself had been on very friendly terms with Phineas, and they two had had many discussions on matters of politics, Bunce taking up the cudgels always for Mr. Turnbull, and generally slipping away gradually into some account of his own martyrdom. For he had been a martyr, having failed in obtaining any redress against the policeman who had imprisoned him so wrongfully. The People's Banner had fought for him manfully, and therefore there was a little disagreement between him and Phineas on the subject of that great organ of public opinion. And as Mr. Bunce thought that his lodger was very wrong to sit for Lord Brentford's borough, subjects were sometimes touched which were a little galling to Phineas.

Touching this promotion, Bunce had nothing but condolence to offer to the new junior lord. "Oh yes," said he, in answer to an argument from Phineas, "I suppose there must be lords, as you call 'em; though for the matter of that I can't see as they is of any mortal use."

"Wouldn't you have the Government carried on?"

"Government! Well; I suppose there must be government. But the less of it the better. I'm not against government; — nor yet against laws, Mr. Finn; though the less of them, too, the better. But what does these lords do in the Government? Lords indeed! I'll tell you what they do, Mr. Finn. They votes; that's what they do! They votes hard; black or white, white or black. Ain't that true? When you're a 'lord,' will you be able to vote against Mr. Mildmay to save your very soul?"

"If it comes to be a question of soul-saving, Mr. Bunce, I sha'n't save my place at the expense of my conscience."

"Not if you knows it, you mean. But the worst of it is that a man gets so thick into the mud that he don't know whether he's dirty or clean. You'll have to vote as you're told, and of course you'll think it's right enough. Ain't you been among Parliament gents long enough to know that that's the way it goes?"

"You think no honest man can be a member of the Government?"

"I don't say that, but I think honesty's a

deal easier away from 'em. The fact is, Mr. Finn, it's all wrong with us yet, and will be till we gets it nigher to the great American model. If a poor man gets into Parliament, — you'll excuse me, Mr. Finn, but I calls you a poor man."

"Certainly, — as a member of Parliament I am a very poor man."

"Just so, — and therefore what do you do? You goes and lays yourself out for government. I'm not saying as how you're anyways wrong. A man has to live. You has winning ways, and a good physiognomy of your own, and are as big as a life-guardsman." Phineas as he heard this doubtful praise laughed and blushed. "Very well; you makes your way with the big wigs, lords and earls and them like, and you gets returned for a rotten borough; — you'll excuse me, but that's about it, ain't it? — and then you goes in for government! A man may have a mission to govern, such as Washington and Cromwell and the like o' them. But when I hears of Mr. Fitzgibbon a-governing, why then I says, — d—n it all."

"There must be good and bad you know."

"We've got to change a deal yet, Mr. Finn, and we'll do it. When a young man as has liberal feelings gets into Parliament, he shouldn't be snapped up and brought into the governing business just because he's poor and wants a salary. They don't do it that way in the States; and they won't do it that way here long. It's the system as I hates, and not you, Mr. Finn. Well, goodbye, sir. I hope you'll like the governing business, and find it suits your health."

These condolences from Mr. Bunce were not pleasant, but they set him thinking. He felt assured that Bunce and Quintus Slide and Mr. Turnbull were wrong. Bunce was ignorant. Quintus Slide was dishonest. Turnbull was greedy of popularity. For himself, he thought that as a young man he was fairly well informed. He knew that he meant to be true in his vocation. And he was quite sure that the object nearest to his heart in politics was not self-aggrandisement, but the welfare of the people in general. And yet he could not but agree with Bunce that there was something wrong. When such men as Laurence Fitzgibbon were called upon to act as governors, was it not to be expected that the ignorant but still intelligent Bunces of the population should — "d—n it all?"

On the evening of that day he went up to Mrs. Low's, very sure that he should receive some encouragement from her and from her husband. She had been angry

with him because he had put himself into a position in which money must be spent and none could be made. The Lows, and especially Mrs. Low, had refused to believe that any success was within his reach. Now that he had succeeded, now that he was in receipt of a salary on which he could live and save money, he would be sure of sympathy from his old friends the Lows.

But Mrs. Low was as severe upon him as Mr. Bunce had been, and even from Mr. Low he could extract no real comfort. "Of course I congratulate you," said Mr. Low coldly.

"And you, Mrs. Low?"

"Well, you know, Mr. Finn, I think you have begun at the wrong end. I thought so before, and I think so still. I suppose I ought not to say so to a Lord of the Treasury, but if you ask me, what can I do?"

"Speak the truth out, of course."

"Exactly. That's what I must do. Well, the truth is, Mr. Finn, that I do not think it is a very good opening for a young man to be made what they call a Lord of the Treasury, — unless he has got a private fortune, you know, to support that kind of life."

"You see, Phineas, a ministry is such an uncertain thing," said Mr. Low.

"Of course it's uncertain; but as I did go into the House, it's something to have succeeded."

"If you call that success," said Mrs. Low.

"You did intend to go on with your profession," said Mr. Low. He could not tell them that he had changed his mind, and that he meant to marry Violet Effingham, who would much prefer a parliamentary life for her husband to that of a working barrister. "I suppose that is all given up now," continued Mr. Low.

"Just for the present," said Phineas.

"Yes; — and for ever I fear," said Mrs. Low. "You'll never go back to real work after frittering away your time as a Lord of the Treasury. What sort of work must it be when just anybody can do it that it suits them to lay hold of? But of course a thousand a year is something, though a man may have it for only six months."

It came out in the course of the evening that Mr. Low was going to stand for the borough vacated by Mr. Mottram, at which it was considered that the Conservatives might possibly prevail. "You see, after all, Phineas," said Mr. Low, "that I am following your steps."

"Ah; you are going into the House in the course of your profession."

"Just so," said Mrs. Low.

"And are taking the first step towards being a Tory Attorney-General."

"That's as may be," said Mr. Low. "But it's the kind of thing a man does after twenty years of hard work. For myself, I really don't much care whether I succeed or fail. I should like to live to be a Vice-Chancellor. I don't mind saying as much as that to you. But I'm not at all sure that Parliament is the best way to the Equity Bench."

"But it is a grand thing to get into Parliament when you do it by means of your profession," said Mrs. Low.

Soon after that Phineas took his departure from the house, feeling sore and unhappy. But on the next morning he was received in Grosvenor Place with an amount of triumph which went far to compensate him. Lady Laura had written to him to call there, and on his arrival he found both Violet Effingham and Madame Max Goesler with his friend. When Phineas entered the room his first feeling was one of intense joy at seeing that Violet Effingham was present there. Then there was one of surprise that Madame Max Goesler should make one of the little party. Lady Laura had told him at Mr. Palliser's dinner-party that they, in Portman Square, had not as yet advanced far enough to receive Madame Max Goesler,—and yet here was the lady in Mr. Kennedy's drawing-room. Now Phineas would have thought it more likely that he should find her in Portman Square than in Grosvenor Place. The truth was that Madame Goesler had been brought by Miss Effingham,—with the consent, indeed, of Lady Laura, but with a consent given with much of hesitation. "What are you afraid of?" Violet had asked. "I am afraid of nothing," Lady Laura had answered; "but one has to choose one's acquaintance in accordance with rules which one doesn't lay down very strictly." "She is a clever woman," said Violet, "and everybody likes her; but if you think Mr. Kennedy would object, of course you are right." Then Lady Laura had consented, telling herself that it was not necessary that she should ask her husband's approval as to every new acquaintance she might form. At the same time Violet had been told that Phineas would be there, and so the party had been made up.

"See the conquering hero comes," said Violet, in her cheeriest voice.

"I am so glad Mr. Finn has been made a lord of something," said Madame Max Goesler. "I had the pleasure of a long political discussion with him the other night, and I quite approve of him."

"We are so much gratified, Mr. Finn,"

said Lady Laura. "Mr. Kennedy says that it is the best appointment they could have made, and papa is quite proud about it."

"You are Lord Brentford's member; are you not?" asked Madame Max Goesler. This was a question which Phineas did not quite like, and which he was obliged to excuse by remembering that the questioner had lived so long out of England as to be probably ignorant of the myths, and theories, and system, and working of the British Constitution. Violet Effingham, little as she knew of politics, would never have asked a question so imprudent.

But the question was turned off, and Phineas, with an easy grace, submitted himself to be petted, and congratulated, and purred over, and almost caressed by the three ladies. Their good-natured enthusiasm was at any rate better than the satire of Bunce, or the wisdom of Mrs. Low. Lady Laura had no misgivings as to Phineas being fit for governing, and Violet Effingham said nothing as to the short-lived tenure of ministers. Madame Max Goesler, though she had asked an indiscreet question, thoroughly appreciated the advantage of Government pay, and the prestige of Government power. "You are a lord now," she said, speaking, as was customary with her, with the slightest possible foreign accent, "and you will be a president soon, and then perhaps a secretary. The order of promotion seems odd, but I am told it is very pleasant."

"It is pleasant to succeed, of course," said Phineas, "let the success be ever so little."

"We knew you would succeed," said Lady Laura. "We were quite sure of it. Were we not, Violet?"

"You always said so, my dear. For myself I do not venture to have an opinion on such matters. Will you always have to go to that big building in the corner, Mr. Finn, and stay there from ten till four? Won't that be a bore?"

"We have a half-holiday on Saturday, you know," said Phineas.

"And do the Lords of the Treasury have to take care of the money?" asked Madame Max Goesler.

"Only their own; and they generally fail in doing that," said Phineas.

He sat there for a considerable time, wondering whether Mr. Kennedy would come in, and wondering also as to what Mr. Kennedy would say to Madame Max Goesler when he did come in. He knew that it was useless for him to expect any opportunity, then or there, of being alone for a moment with Violet Effingham. His only

chance in that direction would be in some crowded room, at some ball at which he might ask her to dance with him; but it seemed that fate was very unkind to him, and that no such chance came in his way. Mr. Kennedy did not appear, and Madame Max Goesler with Violet went away, leaving Phineas still sitting with Lady Laura. Each of them said a kind word to him as they went. "I don't know whether I may dare to expect that a Lord of the Treasury will come and see me?" said Madame Max Goesler. Then Phineas made a second promise that he would call in Park Lane.

Violet blushed as she remembered that she could not ask him to call at Lady Baldock's. "Good-bye, Mr. Finn," she said, giving him her hand. "I'm so very glad that they have chosen you; and I do hope that, as Madame Max says, they'll make you a secretary and a president, and everything else very quickly,—till it will come to your turn to be making other people." "He is very nice," said Madame Goesler to Violet as she took her place in the carriage. "He bears being petted and spoilt without being either awkward or conceited." "On the whole, he is rather nice," said Violet; "only he has not got a shilling in the world, and has to make himself before he will be anybody." "He must marry money, of course," said Madame Max Goesler.

"I hope you are contented?" said Lady Laura, rising from her chair and coming opposite to him as soon as they were alone.

"Of course I am contented."

"I was not,—when I first heard of it. Why did they promote that empty-headed countryman of yours to a place for which he was quite unfit? I was not contented. But then I am more ambitious for you than you are for yourself." He sat without answering her for a while, and she stood waiting for his reply. "Have you nothing to say to me?" she asked.

"I do not know what to say. When I think of it all, I am lost in amazement. You tell me that you are not contented;—that you are ambitious for me. Why is it that you should feel any interest in the matter?"

"Is it not reasonable that we should be interested for our friends?"

"But when you and I last parted here in this room you were hardly my friend."

"Was I not? You wrong me there;—very deeply."

"I told you what was my ambition, and you resented it," said Phineas.

"I think I said that I could not help you, and I think I said also that I thought you would fail. I do not know that I showed

much resentment. You see, I told her that you were here, that she might come and meet you. You know that I wished my brother should succeed. I wished it before I ever knew you. You cannot expect that I should change my wishes."

"But if he cannot succeed," pleaded Phineas.

"Who is to say that? Has a woman never been won by devotion and perseverance? Besides, how can I wish to see you go on with a suit which must sever you from my father, and injure your political prospects;—perhaps fatally injure them? It seems to me now that my father is almost the only man in London who has not heard of this duel."

"Of course he will hear of it. I have half made up my mind to tell him myself."

"Do not do that, Mr. Finn. There can be no reason for it. But I did not ask you to come here to-day to talk to you about Oswald or Violet. I have given you my advice about that, and I can do no more."

"Lady Laura, I cannot take it. It is out of my power to take it."

"Very well. The matter shall be what you members of Parliament call an open question between us. When papa asked you to accept this place at the Treasury, did it ever occur to you to refuse it?"

"It did; for half an hour or so."

"I hoped you would,—and yet I knew that I was wrong. I thought that you should count yourself to be worth more than that, and that you should, as it were, assert yourself. But then it is so difficult to draw the line between proper self-assertion and proper self-denial;—to know how high to go up the table, and how low to go down. I do not doubt that you have been right,—only make them understand that you are not as other junior lords;—that you have been willing to be a junior lord, or anything else for a purpose; but that the purpose is something higher than that of fetching and carrying in Parliament for Mr. Mildmay and Mr. Palliser."

"I hope in time to get beyond fetching and carrying," said Phineas.

"Of course you will; and knowing that, I am glad that you are in office. I suppose there will be no difficulty about Loughton."

Then Phineas laughed. "I hear," said he, "that Mr. Quintus Slide, of the People's Banner, has already gone down to canvass the electors."

"Mr. Quintus Slide? To canvass the electors of Loughton!" and Lady Laura drew herself up and spoke of this unseemly intrusion on her father's borough, as though the vulgar man who had been named had

forced his way into the very drawing-room in Portman Square. At that moment Mr. Kennedy came in. "Do you hear what Mr. Finn tells me?" she said. "He has heard that Mr. Quintus Slide has gone down to Loughton to stand against him."

"And why not?" said Mr. Kennedy.

"My dear!" ejaculated Lady Laura.

"Mr. Quintus Slide will no doubt lose his time and his money; — but he will gain the prestige of having stood for a borough, which will be something for him on the staff of the People's Banner," said Mr. Kennedy.

"He will get that horrid man Vellum to propose him," said Lady Laura.

"Very likely," said Mr. Kennedy.

"And the less any of us say about it the better. Finn, my dear fellow, I congratulate you heartily. Nothing for a long time has given me greater pleasure than hearing of your appointment. It is equally honourable to yourself and Mr. Mildmay. It is a great step to have gained so early."

Phineas, as he thanked his friend, could not help asking himself what his friend had done to be made a Cabinet Minister. Little as he, Phineas, himself had done in the House in his two sessions and a half, Mr. Kennedy had hardly done more in his fifteen or twenty. But then Mr. Kennedy was possessed of almost miraculous wealth, and owned half a county, whereas he, Phineas, owned almost nothing at all. Of course no Prime Minister would offer a junior lordship at the Treasury to a man with £30,000 a year. Soon after this Phineas took his leave. "I think he will do well," said Mr. Kennedy to his wife.

"I am sure he will do well," replied Lady Laura, almost scornfully.

"He is not quite such a black swan with me as he is with you; but still I think he will succeed if he takes care of himself. It is astonishing how that absurd story of his duel with Chiltern has got about."

"It is impossible to prevent people talking," said Lady Laura.

"I suppose there was some quarrel, though neither of them will tell you. They say it was about Miss Effingham. I should hardly think that Finn could have any hopes in that direction."

"Why should he not have hopes?"

"Because he has neither position, nor money, nor birth," said Mr. Kennedy.

"He is a gentleman," said Lady Laura; "and I think he has position. I do not see why he should not ask any girl to marry him."

"There is no understanding you, Laura," said Mr. Kennedy angrily. "I thought

you had quite other hopes about Miss Effingham."

"So I have; but that has nothing to do with it. You spoke of Mr. Finn as though he would be guilty of some crime were he to ask Violet Effingham to be his wife. In that I disagree with you. Mr. Finn is —"

"You will make me sick of the name of Mr. Finn."

"I am sorry that I offend you by my gratitude to a man who saved your life." Mr. Kennedy shook his head. He knew that the argument used against him was false, but he did not know how to show that he knew that it was false. "Perhaps I had better not mention his name any more," continued Lady Laura.

"Nonsense!"

"I quite agree with you that it is nonsense, Robert."

"All I mean to say is, that if you go on as you do, you will turn his head and spoil him. Do you think I do not know what is going on among you?"

"What is going on among us, — as you call it?"

"You are taking this young man up and putting him on a pedestal and worshipping him, just because he is well-looking, and rather clever and decently behaved. It's always the way with women who have nothing to do, and who cannot be made to understand that they should have duties. They cannot live without some kind of idolatry."

"Have I neglected my duty to you, Robert?"

"Yes, — you know you have; — in going to those receptions at your father's house on Sundays."

"What has that to do with Mr. Finn?"

"Psha!"

"I begin to think I had better tell Mr. Finn not to come here any more, since his presence is disagreeable to you. All the world knows how great is the service that he did you, and it will seem to be very ridiculous. People will say all manner of things; but anything will be better than that you should go on as you have done, — accusing your wife of idolatry towards — a young man, because — he is — well-looking."

"I never said anything of the kind."

"You did, Robert."

"I did not. I did not speak more of you than of a lot of others."

"You accused me personally, saying that because of my idolatry I had neglected my duty; but really you made such a jumble of it all, with papa's visitors, and Sun-

day afternoons, that I cannot follow what was in your mind."

Then Mr. Kennedy stood for a while, collecting his thoughts, so that he might unravel the jumble, if that were possible to him; but finding that it was not possible, he left the room, and closed the door behind him.

Then Lady Laura was left alone to consider the nature of the accusation her husband had brought against her; or the nature rather of the accusation which she had chosen to assert that her husband had implied. For in her heart she knew that he had made no such accusation, and had intended to make none such. The idolatry of which he had spoken was the idolatry which a woman might show to her cat, her dog, her picture, her china, her furniture, her carriage and horses, or her pet maid-servant. Such was the idolatry of which Mr. Kennedy had spoken; — but was there no other worship in her heart, worse, more pernicious than that in reference to this young man?

She had schooled herself about him very severely, and had come to various resolutions. She had found out and confessed to herself that she did not, and could not, love her husband. She had found out and confessed to herself that she did love, and could not help loving, Phineas Finn. Then she had resolved to banish him from her presence, and had gone the length of telling him so. After that she had perceived that she had been wrong, and determined to meet him as she met other men, — and to conquer her love. Then, when this could not be done, when something almost like idolatry grew upon her, she determined that it should be the idolatry of friendship, that she would not sin even in thought, that there should be nothing in her heart of which she need be ashamed; — but that the one great object and purport of her life should be the promotion of this friend's welfare. She had just begun to love after this fashion, had taught herself to believe that she might combine something of the pleasure of idolatry towards her friend with a full complement of duty towards her husband, when Phineas came to her with his tale of love for Violet Effingham. The lesson which she got then was a very rough one, — so hard that at first she could not bear it. Her anger at his love for her brother's wished-for bride was lost in her dismay that he should love any one after having once loved her. But by sheer force of mind she had conquered that dismay, that feeling of desolation at her heart, and had almost taught herself to hope that Phineas might

succeed with Violet. He wished it, — and why should he not have what he wished, — he, whom she so fondly idolised? It was not his fault that he and she were not man and wife. She had chosen to arrange it otherwise, and was she not bound to assist him now in the present object of his reasonable wishes? She had got over in her heart that difficulty about her brother, but she could not quite conquer the other difficulty. She could not bring herself to plead his cause with Violet. She had not brought herself as yet to do it.

And now she was accused of idolatry for Phineas by her husband, — she "with a lot of others," in which lot Violet was of course included. Would it not be better that they two should be brought together? Would not her friend's husband still be her friend? Would she not then forget to love him? Would she not then be safer than she was now?

As she sat alone struggling with her difficulties, she had not as yet forgotten to love him, — nor was she as yet safe.

CHAPTER XLV.

MISS EFFINGHAM'S FOUR LOVERS.

ONE morning early in June Lady Laura called at Lady Baldock's house and asked for Miss Effingham. The servant was showing her into the large drawing-room, when she again asked specially for Miss Effingham. "I think Miss Effingham is there," said the man, opening the room. Miss Effingham was not there. Lady Baldock was sitting all alone, and Lady Laura perceived that she had been caught in the net which she specially wished to avoid. Now Lady Baldock had not actually or openly quarrelled with Lady Laura Kennedy or with Lord Brentford, but she had conceived a strong idea that her niece Violet was countenanced in all improprieties by the Standish family generally, and that therefore the Standish family was to be regarded as a family of enemies. There was doubtless in her mind considerable confusion on the subject, for she did not know whether Lord Chiltern or Mr. Finn was the suitor which she most feared, — and she was aware, after a sort of muddled fashion, that the claims of these two wicked young men were antagonistic to each other. But they were both regarded by her as emanations from the same source of iniquity, and therefore, without going deeply into the machinations of Lady Laura, — without resolving whether Lady Laura was injuring her by pressing her brother as a suitor upon Miss Effingham, or by pressing a rival of

her brother, — still she became aware that it was her duty to turn a cold shoulder on those two houses in Portman Square and Grosvenor Place. But her difficulties in doing this were very great, and it may be said that Lady Baldock was placed in an unjust and cruel position. Before the end of May she had proposed to leave London, and to take her daughter and Violet down to Baddingham, — or to Brighton if they preferred it, or to Switzerland. "Brighton in June!" Violet had exclaimed. "Would not a month among the glaciers be delightful?" Miss Boreham had said. "Don't let me keep you in town, aunt," Violet replied; "but I do not think I shall go until other people go. I can have a room at Laura Kennedy's house." Then Lady Baldock, whose position was hard and cruel, resolved that she would stay in town. Here she had in her hands a ward over whom she had no positive power, and yet in respect to whom her duty was imperative! Her duty was imperative, and Lady Baldock was not the woman to neglect her duty; — and yet she knew that the doing of her duty would all be in vain. Violet would marry a shoe-black out of the streets if she were so minded. It was of no use that the poor lady had provided herself with two strings, two most excellent strings, to her bow, — two strings, either one of which should have contented Miss Effingham. There was Lord Fawn, a young peer, not very rich indeed, — but still with means sufficient for a wife, a rising man, and in every way respectable, although a Whig. And there was Mr. Appledom, one of the richest commoners in England, a fine Conservative too, with a seat in the House, and everything appropriate. He was fifty, but looked hardly more than thirty-five, and was, — so at least Lady Baldock frequently asserted, — violently in love with Violet Effingham. Why had not the law, or the executors, or the Lord Chancellor, or some power levied for the protection of the proprieties, made Violet absolutely subject to her guardian till she should be made subject to a husband?

"Yes, I think she is at home," said Lady Baldock, in answer to Lady Laura's inquiry for Violet. "At least, I hardly know. She seldom tells me what she means to do, — and sometimes she will walk out quite alone!" A most imprudent old woman was Lady Baldock, always opening her hand to her adversaries, unable to control herself in the scolding of people, either before their faces or behind their backs, even at moments in which such scolding was most injurious to her own cause.

"However, we will see," she continued. Then the bell was rung, and in a few minutes Violet was in the room. In a few minutes more they were up-stairs together in Violet's own room, in spite of the openly displayed wrath of Lady Baldock. "I almost wish she had never been born," said Lady Baldock to her daughter. "Oh, mamma, don't say that." "I certainly do wish that I had never seen her." "Indeed she has been a grievous trouble to you, mamma," said Miss Boreham, sympathetically.

"Brighton! What nonsense!" said Lady Laura.

"Of course it's nonsense. Fancy going to Brighton! And then they have proposed Switzerland. If you could only hear Augusta talking in rapture of a month among the glaciers! And I feel so ungrateful. I believe they would spend three months with me at any horrible place that I could suggest, — at Hong Kong if I were to ask it, — so intent are they on taking me away from metropolitan danger."

"But you will not go?"

"No! — I won't go. I know I am very naughty; but I can't help feeling that I cannot be good without being a fool at the same time. I must either fight my aunt, or give way to her. If I were to yield, what a life I should have; — and I should despise myself after all."

"And what is the special danger to be feared now?"

"I don't know; — you, I fancy. I told her that if she went, I should go to you. I knew that would make her stay."

"I wish you would come to me," said Lady Laura.

"I shouldn't think of it really, — not for any length of time."

"Why not?"

"Because I should be in Mr. Kennedy's way."

"You wouldn't be in his way in the least. If you would only be down punctually for morning prayers, and go to church with him on Sunday afternoon, he would be delighted to have you."

"What did he say about Madame Max coming?"

"Not a word. I don't think he quite knew who she was then. I fancy he has inquired since, by something he said yesterday."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing that matters; — only a word. I haven't come here to talk about Madame Max Goesler, — nor yet about Mr. Kennedy."

"Whom have you come to talk about?"

asked Violet, laughing a little, with something of increased colour in her cheeks, though she could not be said to blush.

"A lover of course," said Lady Laura.

"I wish you would leave me alone with my lovers. You are as bad or worse than my aunt. She, at any rate, varies her prescription. She has become sick of poor Lord Fawn because he's a Whig."

"And who is her favourite now?"

"Old Mr. Appledom, — who is really a most unexceptionable old party, and whom I like of all things. I really think I could consent to be Mrs. Appledom, to get rid of my troubles, — if he did not dye his whiskers and have his coats padded."

"He'd give up those little things if you asked him."

"I shouldn't have the heart to do it. Besides, this isn't his time of the year for making proposals. His love fever, which is of a very low kind, and intermits annually, never comes on till the autumn. It is a rural malady, against which he is proof while among his clubs!"

"Well, Violet, — I am like your aunt."

"Like Lady Baldock?"

"In one respect. I, too, will vary my prescription."

"What do you mean, Laura?"

"Just this, — that if you like to marry Phineas Finn, I will say that you are right."

"Heaven and earth! And why am I to marry Phineas Finn?"

"Only for two reasons; because he loves you and because —"

"No, — I deny it. I do not."

"I had come to fancy that you did."

"Keep your fancy more under control then. But upon my word I can't understand this. He was your great friend."

"What has that to do with it?" demanded Lady Laura.

"And you have thrown over your brother, Laura?"

"You have thrown him over. Is he to go on for ever asking and being refused?"

"I do not know why he should not," said Violet, "seeing how very little trouble it gives him. Half an hour once in six months does it all for him, allowing him time for coming and going in a cab."

"Violet, I do not understand you. Have you refused Oswald so many times because he does not pass hours on his knees before you?"

"No, indeed! His nature would be altered very much for the worse before he could do that."

"Why do you throw it in his teeth then that he does not give you more of his time?"

"Why have you come to tell me to marry

Mr. Phineas Finn? That is what I want to know. Mr. Phineas Finn, as far as I am aware, has not a shilling in the world, — except a month's salary now due to him from the Government. Mr. Phineas Finn I believe to be the son of a country doctor in Ireland, — with about seven sisters. Mr. Phineas Finn is a Roman Catholic. Mr. Phineas Finn is — or was a short time ago, — in love with another lady; and Mr. Phineas Finn is not so much in love at this moment but what he is able to entrust his cause to an ambassador. None short of a royal suitor should ever do that with success."

"Has he never pleaded his cause to you yourself?"

"My dear, I never tell gentlemen's secrets. It seems that if he has, his success was so trifling that he has thought he had better trust some one else for the future."

"He has not trusted me. He has not given me any commission."

"Then why have you come?"

"Because, — I hardly know how to tell his story. There have been things about Oswald which made it almost necessary that Mr. Finn should explain himself to me."

"I know it all; — about their fighting. Foolish young men! I am not a bit obliged to either of them, — not a bit. Only fancy, if my aunt knew it, what a life she would lead me! Gustavus knows all about it, and I feel that I am living at his mercy. Why were they so wrong-headed?"

"I cannot answer that, — though I know them well enough to be sure that Chiltern was the one in fault."

"It is so odd that you should have thrown your brother over."

"I have not thrown my brother over. Will you accept Oswald if he asks you again?"

"No," almost shouted Violet.

"Then I hope that Mr. Finn may succeed. I want him to succeed in everything. There; — you may know it all. He is my Phœbus Apollo."

"That is flattering to me, — looking at the position in which you desire to place your Phœbus at the present moment."

"Come, Violet, I am true to you, and let me have a little truth from you. This man loves you, and I think is worthy of you. He does not love me, but he is my friend. As his friend, and believing in his worth, I wish for his success beyond anything else in the world. Listen to me, Violet. I don't believe in those reasons which you gave me just now for not becoming this man's wife."

"Nor do I."

"I know you do not. Look at me. I,

who have less of real heart than you, I who thought that I could trust myself to satisfy my mind and my ambition without caring for my heart, I have married for what you call position. My husband is very rich, and a Cabinet Minister, and will probably be a peer. And he was willing to marry me when I had not a shilling of my own."

"He was very generous."

"He has asked for it since," said Lady Laura. "But never mind. I have not come to talk about myself;—otherwise than to bid you not do what I have done. All that you have said about this man's want of money and of family is nothing."

"Nothing at all," said Violet. "Mere words,—fit only for such people as my aunt."

"Well then?"

"Well?"

"If you love him——!"

"Ah! but if I do not? You are very close in inquiring into my secrets. Tell me, Laura;—was not this young Crichton once a lover of your own?"

"Psha! And do you think I cannot keep a gentleman's secret as well as you?"

"What is the good of any secret, Laura, when we have been already so open? He tried his 'prentice hand on you; and then he came to me. Let us watch him, and see who'll be the third. I too like him well enough to hope that he'll land himself safely at last."

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE MOUSETRAP.

PHINEAS had certainly no desire to make love by an ambassador,—at second-hand. He had given no commission to Lady Laura, and was, as the reader is aware, quite ignorant of what was being done and said on his behalf. He had asked no more from Lady Laura than an opportunity of speaking for himself, and that he had asked almost with a conviction that by so asking he would turn his friend into an enemy. He had read but little of the workings of Lady Laura's heart towards himself, and had no idea of the assistance she was anxious to give him. She had never told him that she was willing to sacrifice her brother on his behalf, and, of course, had not told him that she was willing also to sacrifice herself. Nor, when she wrote to him one June morning and told him that Violet would be found in Portman Square, alone, that afternoon,—naming an hour, and explaining that Miss Effingham would be there to meet herself and her father, but that at such an hour she would be certainly

alone,—did he even then know how much she was prepared to do for him. The short note was signed "L.," and then there came a long postscript. "Ask for me," she said in a postscript. "I shall be there later, and I have told them to bid you wait. I can give you no hope of success, but if you choose to try,—you can do so. If you do not come, I shall know that you have changed your mind. I shall not think the worse of you, and your secret will be safe with me. I do that which you have asked me to do,—simply because you have asked it. Burn this at once,—because I ask it." Phineas destroyed the note, tearing it into atoms, the moment that he had read it and re-read it. Of course he would go to Portman Square at the hour named. Of course he would take his chance. He was not buoyed up by much of hope;—but even though there were no hope, he would take his chance.

When Lord Brentford had first told Phineas of his promotion, he had also asked the new Lord of the Treasury to make a certain communication on his behalf to his son. This Phineas had found himself obliged to promise to do;—and he had done it. The letter had been difficult enough to write,—but he had written it. After having made the promise, he had found himself bound to keep it.

"Dear Lord Chiltern," he had commenced, "I will not think that there was anything in our late encounter to prevent my so addressing you. I now write at the instance of your father, who has heard nothing of our little affair." Then he explained at length Lord Brentford's wishes as he understood them. "Pray come home," he said, finishing his letter. "Touching V. E., I feel that I am bound to tell you that I still mean to try my fortune, but that I have no ground for hoping that my fortune will be good. Since the day on the sands, I have never met her but in society. I know you will be glad to hear that my wound was nothing; and I think you will be glad to hear that I have got my foot on to the ladder of promotion. Yours always, PHINEAS FINN."

Now he had to try his fortune,—that fortune of which he had told Lord Chiltern that he had no reason for hoping that it would be good. He went direct from his office at the Treasury to Portman Square, resolving that he would take no trouble as to his dress, simply washing his hands and brushing his hair as though he were going down to the House, and he knocked at the

Earl's door exactly at the hour named by Lady Laura.

"Miss Effingham," he said, "I am so glad to find you alone."

"Yes," she said, laughing. "I am alone, — a poor unprotected female. But I fear nothing. I have strong reason for believing that Lord Brentford is somewhere about. And Pomfret the butler, who has known me since I was a baby, is a host in himself."

"With such allies you can have nothing to fear," he replied, attempting to carry on her little jest.

"Nor even without them, Mr. Finn. We unprotected females in these days are so self-reliant that our natural protectors fall off from us, finding themselves to be no longer wanted. Now with you, — what can I fear?"

"Nothing, — as I hope."

"There used to be a time, and that not so long ago either, when young gentlemen and ladies were thought to be very dangerous to each other if they were left alone. But propriety is less rampant now, and upon the whole virtue and morals, with discretion and all that kind of thing, have been the gainers. Don't you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"All the same, — I don't like to be caught in a trap, Mr. Finn."

"In a trap?"

"Yes; — in a trap. Is there no trap here? If you will say so, I will acknowledge myself to be a dolt, and will beg your pardon."

"I hardly know what you call a trap."

"You were told that I was here?"

He paused a moment before he replied.

"Yes, I was told."

"I call that a trap."

"Am I to blame?"

"I don't say that you set it, — but you use it."

"Miss Effingham, of course I have used it. You must know, — I think you must know that I have that to say to you which has made me long for such an opportunity as this."

"And therefore you have called in the assistance of your friend."

"It is true."

"In such matters you should never talk to any one, Mr. Finn. If you cannot fight your own battle, no one can fight it for you."

"Miss Effingham, do you remember our ride at Saulsby?"

"Very well; — as if it were yesterday."

"And do you remember that I asked you a question which you have never answered?"

"I did answer it, — as well as I knew how, so that I might tell you a truth without hurting you."

"It was necessary, — is necessary that I should be hurt sorely, or made perfectly happy. Violet Effingham, I have come to you to ask you to be my wife; — to tell you that I love you, and to ask for your love in return. Whatever may be my fate, the question must be asked, and an answer must be given. I have not hoped that you should tell me that you loved me —"

"For what then have you hoped?"

"For not much, indeed; — but if for anything, then for some chance that you might tell me so hereafter."

"If I loved you, I would tell you so now, — instantly. I give you my word of that."

"Can you never love me?"

"What is a woman to answer to such a question? No; — I believe never. I do not think I shall ever wish you to be my husband. You asked me to be plain, and I must be plain."

"Is it because —?" He paused, hardly knowing what the question was which he proposed to himself to ask.

"It is for no because, — for no cause except that simple one which should make any girl refuse any man whom she did not love. Mr. Finn, I could say pleasant things to you on any other subject than this, — because I like you."

"I know that I have nothing to justify my suit."

"You have everything to justify it; — at least I am bound to presume that you have. If you love me, — you are justified."

"You know that I love you."

"I am sorry that it should ever have been so, — very sorry. I can only hope that I have not been in fault."

"Will you try to love me?"

"No; — why should I try? If any trying were necessary, I would try rather not to love you. Why should I try to do that which would displease everybody belonging to me? For yourself, I admit your right to address me, — and tell you frankly that it would not be in vain, if I loved you. But I tell you as frankly that such a marriage would not please those whom I am bound to try to please."

He paused a moment before he spoke further. "I shall wait," he said, "and come again."

"What am I to say to that? Do not tease me, so that I be driven to treat you with lack of courtesy. Lady Laura is so much attached to you, and Mr. Kennedy, and Lord Brentford, — and indeed I may say, I myself also, that I trust there may be

nothing to mar our good fellowship. Come, Mr. Finn, — say that you will take an answer, and I will give you my hand."

"Give it to me," said he. She gave him her hand, and he put it up to his lips and pressed it. "I will wait and come again," he said. "I will assuredly come again." Then he turned from her and went out of the house. At the corner of the square he saw Lady Laura's carriage, but did not stop to speak to her. And she also saw him.

"So you have had a visitor here," said Lady Laura to Violet.

"Yes; — I have been caught in the trap."

"Poor mouse! And has the cat made a meal of you?"

"I fancy he has, after his fashion. There be cats that eat their mice without playing, — and cats that play with their mice, and then eat them; — and cats again which only play with their mice, and don't care to eat them. Mr. Finn is a cat of the latter kind, and has had his afternoon's diversion."

"You wrong him there."

"I think not, Laura. I do not mean to say that he would not have liked me to accept him. But, if I can see inside his bosom, such a little job as that he has now done will be looked back upon as one of the past pleasures of his life; — not as a pain."

CLOUDS AND THEIR COMBINATIONS. By Elijah Walton. — Mr. Walton is a connoisseur in clouds. He has described and drawn some scores of combinations, from the "plain cloud," to the cloud which seems to pile its masses into the semblance of mountains or cathedrals, from the fleecy cirrus to the cumuli displaying the most glorious effects of colour. Mr. Walton thinks artists should study clouds before they paint them, a rule neglected by too many landscape painters, and his analyses are intended to help them to the necessary knowledge. The work, though slight, seems carefully done, and the names for the different combinations are happy and expressive.

Spectator.

AN INDEX TO THE TIMES NEWSPAPER. (Samuel Palmer.) — This is the first number of a work which it is proposed to publish quarterly. Great labour has evidently been expended in drawing it up. Those who have ever to undergo that most wearisome and irritating toil, searching through the file of a newspaper, will find it a great saving of time and temper.

Spectator.

CURIOUS MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. Second Series. (Rivingtons.) — Of the second series of the *Medieval Myths* some are better known than others, but to all of them Mr. Baring-Gould brings the same patient investigation and perspicacity of interpretation. Some of the legends he traces through nearly all the known mythologies of the world,

as, for instance, that of St. George, the signification of which, he says, is "The maiden which the dragon attempts to devour is the earth. The monster is the storm-cloud. The hero who fights it is the sun, with his glorious sword, the lightning flash. By his victory the earth is relieved from her peril." Our author thoroughly investigates the monstrous legend of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins, and many of our readers to whom the skull-bedecked Church at Cologne is familiar, will be surprised to hear that the Virgin Martyr is none other than the Teutonic Isis — the Suabian Ursel or Horsel, a relic of whose worship is still to be found in some of the agricultural parts of England, in the observance of Plough Monday. On the "Legend of the Cross," Mr. Baring-Gould has brought to bear an immense amount of research as to the employment of that holy ensign as a religious symbol, even in the earliest ages of the world, long before Christianity had adopted it as its symbol. To many persons the following extract will possess the charm of novelty, if it have no other recommendation: "I am satisfied that we make a mistake in considering the Dissent of England, especially as manifested in greatest intensity in the wilds of Cornwall, Wales, and the eastern moors of Yorkshire, where the Keltic element is strong, as a form of Christianity. It is radically different; its framework and nerve are of ancient British origin, passing itself off as a spiritual Christianity." Mr. Baring-Gould's book contains an immense deal of matter that will be interesting to many beside the mere antiquary or student of folk-lore, and we cordially recommend it to our readers.

Spectator.

From The Saturday Review.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.*

It would be an affront to Miss Yonge to say that any book of hers is a vast improvement on the common history books for children or for schools. Books of that class are safe to be either dull or inaccurate, and it is a great mercy when they are not both dull and inaccurate at once. With Miss Yonge we need not say that there is no fear of dulness, and comparatively little fear of inaccuracy. She has proved over and over again that she can tell a story, and she has proved several times that she really understands English history incomparably better than many of those who venture to attempt more elaborate works. In short, a class of composition which has been generally left to people who are either stupid or ill-informed, most commonly indeed both at once, is here taken up by one who is at once well informed and a writer of real genius. The same sort of thing was once undertaken by a still higher genius than Miss Yonge, and the result was, in the *Tales of a Grandfather*, a work than which none can be more pleasant to read. But, when one thinks of the author's outrageous national prejudice and his sublime contempt for facts, one is inclined to doubt whether it is not a painful duty to put the book in the fire. Indeed we can easily see that Sir Walter Scott's fascinating legends have done no small mischief even in the case of Miss Yonge herself. As for the writers at the other end of the list, their mere names would fill the rest of this article, and charity bids us say as little about them as we can. Miss Yonge stands far away from either class. We have more than one quarrel with her, but they are quarrels of quite a different sort from such as we have with either of our other enemies. Even when we hold that she goes wrong, she does so in a way in which neither a stupid nor an ill-informed writer could if he tried. Look, for instance, at the very title-page. It is a bold stroke to begin with Rollo—he is Rollo, by the way, only in the title-page; he becomes genuine Rolf when we get really inside the book. We might have something to say against making English history begin with Rolf; but how comforting it is to see it begin with somebody who, at all events, is neither Julius Cæsar nor William the Conqueror! We think that Miss Yonge is sometimes led away by the fascination of a romantic tale, and she still has some trace of early politi-

cal and religious prejudices hanging about her. We think that she sometimes mistakes legend for history, and in points of controversy she sometimes takes the side which we hold to be the wrong side. We of course hold that these are serious drawbacks to the practical usefulness of her book. But they are no drawback at all to its artistic merit, and there is a certain sense in which they are not a drawback even to its character for accuracy. Both processes are quite distinct from mere blundering. Miss Yonge, for instance, tells as a piece of history a tale which we look upon as purely a piece of myth. But she tells it, not only with spirit but with accuracy, as it is told in the chronicle or tradition where she finds it. Or, of two views of a disputed character or event, she takes the one which we think has the lighter groundwork of evidence to go upon. But she tells her story, not only with spirit, but with accuracy also, according to her own view of it. When we speak of prejudices hanging about her, we mean this sort of thing. We remember a former book of Miss Yonge written, we need not say, in a most attractive style, but written throughout from a mere royalist and High Church point of view. Then she seemed to look on Earl Simon of Montfort as a very wicked kind of body. Now she knows better, and her portrait of him is one of the best things in the book, while she has elsewhere made the adventures of his family the subject of a story so pleasant that we only wish it were true. But the old leaven is not fully got rid of. Simon is excellently drawn, with the odd qualification that he should not have rebelled. "The gallant and beloved 'Sir Simon the Righteous' became a traitor and a rebel." "After-times may judge him as a noble character, wrecked upon great temptations, and dying as fitted a brave and resigned man drawn into fatal error." "Thinking for himself at length led to contempt of lawful authority." How we wish Miss Yonge would think for herself and would be at length led to contempt of lawful authority! She thoroughly understands and appreciates the great Earl; no one could write of him with more thorough feeling, more thorough power of realizing the whole thing. Yet some lingering notion of the Divine Right of Kings drives her to pronounce a formal condemnation, which clearly does not come either from the heart or from the reason. We need hardly say that, as Miss Yonge thus turns against Simon, *à fortiori* she turns yet more fiercely against Godwine. Here the dictates of the royalist dogmas and the attraction of a multitude of legends play into one another's hands, and

* *Cameos from English History, from Rollo to Edward II.* By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

the truth of history has but a poor chance between them.

With regard to Edward the First, Miss Yonge's difficulty has been of another kind. She understands and admires him; indeed, there is nothing that we can call lacking in her general picture, except that it would be better if that silly title, the "English Justinian," did not stand at the head of several pages. We dare say we have said it before, but we do not at all mind saying it again, that King Edward was about as much like Justinian as Queen Eleanor was like Theodora. Wales Miss Yonge somehow leaves out altogether, and she altogether refuses to follow King Edward into Scotland. After going with great admiration through so large a part of Miss Yonge's book, the memory at last forces itself upon us that we are, after all, dealing with a novelist, and a female novelist. We wonder whether any woman could possibly resist the romantic fascination of Wallace wight and the Bruce, and all the tales which have been told from Blind Harry down to Walter Scott. If we ever come across any lady of such unparalleled strength of mind, we will crown her as a "*laudatæ potentie virago*," alongside of Adela Countess of Blois. Under this test Miss Yonge fails; we even have the old talk about Sir John Monteith "betraying" William Wallace, when he was doing an ordinary act of official duty. The betrayer was undoubtedly Jack Short, and nobody else.

The faults then of Miss Yonge's book are all faults of design. To begin England with Rolf and to look at the whole early history from a Norman point of view is, we think, a wrong way of writing it. But it is better than the "damnable iteration" of Cassivelaunus and Boadicea, and, after all, it is a point which may be talked about and argued about, not a blunder after the manner of the sect of the blunderers. Of actual mistakes Miss Yonge has very few. Her work, she says, was begun sixteen years ago, and we think we can discern signs that, as indeed it could not be otherwise, her light sixteen years back was much less clear than it is now, and that she has in many places tried to improve what she wrote long ago according to the standard of her present knowledge. Such a process is far better than either to leave mistakes untouched or to write pamphlets to prove that they are all right. Still it can hardly be done without leaving some seams behind. We wish Miss Yonge would strike out the words "Emperor of Germany," and it answers no purpose to spell "Knute," which is in fact spelling nobow, or after the man-

ner of the old man and his ass. But we will not dwell on matters of this sort. For the benefit of a new edition we will hint that it is better to avoid such dangerous etymologies as that which identifies "Belgm" and "Wealh," and we will also point out a whole series of odd confusions into which Miss Yonge has fallen in p. 206. The oddest is to confound the two great churches of Canterbury and to make the monks of Saint Augustine the chapter of the Archbishop. Then Archbishop Baldwin was not a secular, but a Cistercian monk; the foundation which he designed and began was not a convent at Lambeth, but a college at Hackington; his successor was not Walter Hubert, but Hubert Walter, and his foundation too at Lambeth was secular and not monastic. "*Val des Demes*" in p. 21 is of course a misprint; so, one would think, must be the strange statement in p. 47 that "the Abbot"—of Battle—"was a *friar*," though it is not here equally easy to supply the right word. For "Winchester" however, directly after, we should certainly read "Chichester"—perhaps the printer again. Moreover, there are no "rich zigzag mouldings" in the nave of Saint Stephen's at Caen (p. 22), and their absence, as we remarked some time back, is far from being without meaning. But the funniest mistake is the following:—

Be that as it may, there was little joy to welcome the accession of Harold; the people were full of melancholy forebodings, excited by the predictions of King Edward, as well as by the appearance of a comet, then supposed to denote the approach of misfortune; the great earls, Edwin and Morkar, were his enemies, the nobles envied him, and stood aloof, significantly relating a story of his boyhood, when he is said to have met with a severe fall in a foolish attempt to fly from the top of a tower with wings of his own contrivance. There is a Spanish proverb which, in truth, suited Harold well: "The ant found wings for her destruction."

Miss Yonge has evidently read, and as evidently misunderstood, a story told by William of Malmesbury, and which has been copied from him by Alberic of Trois-Fontaines. It was not Harold who tried to fly, but a contemporary monk of Malmesbury named Æthelmar.

Let us then sum up. We have read Miss Yonge's book with great pleasure to ourselves and with great admiration for its author. But we should think twice before we put it into the hands of young people, because we cannot help fearing that it might lead them astray on many important points. Miss Yonge's book might lead them to mistake legend for history. Let no one think

that we would hide the legends from children. Quite the opposite. We hold that a child should be—and we know that any decently intelligent child can be—taught from the beginning the difference between legend and history. Children should be told the legends as legends; if proper care is taken, they will enjoy them as stories without confounding them with the history, and when, in later years, they find them told as history, they will not be puzzled, but will be quite able to draw the distinction. Again it is absolutely necessary to teach a child from the beginning the phenomena of races and languages, and the differences between the geography of one age and another. People who do not understand these things themselves at once cry out that a child could never understand all this. There never was a greater mistake. A correct and scientific statement is really much easier to understand than an inaccurate and muddle-headed statement. The grown-up person finds a difficulty in understanding, because with him falsehood must be cast out before truth can come in. But the child's mind is white paper, and it is just as easy to write truth on it as to write error. Miss Yonge always writes so well and clearly that we wish she had undertaken something of the kind. At all events her book is a wonderful advance on anything of the kind that has ever been attempted before. It is, we repeat, the first time that competent knowledge and competent literary skill have ever been brought to bear directly on such an attempt.

From The Saturday Review.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED WOMEN.*

THE translator of M. Sainte-Beuve's well-known portraits of Madame de Staël, Madame Roland, and other women famous in the history of French society, is an American lady, and she avows that among her objects in making such a book accessible to a greater number of persons is the desire of infusing into American society some of the grace of the French salon; and beyond this, she hopes that "its graver biographies may serve to remind some of the more gifted among the 'anxious and aimless' sisterhood of the possibility of sober and useful literary careers." Nothing can be more laudable than such an intention. But does she not see that the salon cometh not by observation any more than the kingdom of heaven, nor by mere wishing for, nor will any

amount of book-writing or exhortation produce it? It is a social growth, springing from a certain set of social conditions, and unless you can reproduce the conditions, it is hopeless to think of securing the result. The grace of the salon is, to begin with, hardly possible in a new society like that of America. The new society has a thousand advantages of its own; it has roominess and freedom, and perhaps gives greater scope for the development of original and independent character; but then the prime condition of this is a self-assertion, an habitual manifestation above all other things of your own personality, that is absolutely fatal to the ease, the well-mannered reserve, the polished compliance, of the salon. Brains are not enough to compose the spirit of a salon. They are essential, but they are not more essential than gracious and vivid manners; and such manners cannot be acquired by direct effort, but spring up with a certain spontaneity from a peculiar mental temper. Now this mental temper is not likely to find much foothold in American society for a very long time to come. The go-ahead impulse, with which the needs of the American people will not permit them to dispense, is too strong, and an exceeding desire to go ahead in material things is destructive of those tastes, and ways of thinking and feeling about literary, social, æsthetic things, out of which the most gracious and elevated intercourse grows. You cannot have a salon when everybody is thinking of the great Pacific railroad; perhaps you cannot have one in a country of vehement and rowdy party-politics. Still it is an excellent sign that any American should publicly avow the possibility of anything in Europe being worth borrowing. It is a symptom that at all events the fine and gracious spirit of an old society, thoroughly cultivated, is more nearly within reach than one would have been inclined to infer from the vulgar contempt with which such persons as Mrs. Stowe are wont to talk about the worm-eaten fabric of effete Europe. We should have been glad, by the way, if the translator had made a beginning of good things in literature by abstaining from certain American abominations in the way of spelling. *Endeavor, savor, labor, gayety*, and such words make one ill. And what can describe the sensation of a man who knows the English tongue when he hears of critics being "ever eager to *offset* one superior quality against another"? Then to say that "I have not left my unfortunate friend in all these days" is French, not English. And why translate *not by word*, when it means a saying, or

* *Portraits of Celebrated Women.* By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated by Harriet W. Preston. London. Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1898.

number of words? Would the translator interpret *bons mots* by the English *good words*? Probably not. The translator is not very consistent in her adoption of French words into English. In the same page we find *hauteur* standing as untranslatable, and yet *doctrinaire* greets us as good English. Surely one would have thought it much easier to find a perfect equivalent for the first word than to be content with so uncouth a phrase as the second. A person who is too much of a purist to be satisfied with *doctrinaire*, which is an accepted term with a technical and specific meaning — while *doctrinaire* conveys hardly any meaning at all — should not leave *hauteur*, *rôle*, and so on, which may be perfectly well reproduced in English. Why leave *coterie*, and yet speak of *Septembrist*? And why use the questionable *inedited*, when *unpublished* is to her hand? The translator in one place makes a bold essay to render the impossible word *blê*, but she can scarcely be counted happy. "You can't reproduce a smile and an accent on paper," says Sainte-Beuve; "paper is *blê*" — "brutish," says the translator; but "brutish" will not do at all. Here perhaps we are in presence of the one French word which cannot be reproduced in our own language, and which has a right in many cases, if not quite in all, to stand untranslated. However, on the whole, the translation is very fairly executed, and if people complain that they do not find the exquisite flavour of Sainte-Beuve's style, they are sighing after what cannot possibly be got, which, under the circumstances, is the most stupid and graceless of all proceedings. We can conceive the original delicacy of such a passage as this, that "Amid much that is sorrowful, there is at least this consolation about surviving one's illustrious contemporaries, when one is illustrious one's self and reverent of human glory; leisure and opportunity are afforded to crown their pictures, to repair their statues, to sacrifice at their graves." Sainte-Beuve is talking of the greater justice which Chateaubriand eventually rendered to the fame and genius of Madame de Staël. But, alas! the terrible *on* was too much for the translator, and we flounder inelegantly in ugly talk about "one's being illustrious one's self," which is pardonable perhaps, but is not what an English Sainte-Beuve would be likely to write.

We can scarcely imagine any book in contemporary French literature better worth translating than this of M. Sainte-Beuve's; both the subjects and the manner do the fullest justice to the writer, and they are

both exceedingly well worthy of the attention alike of an English and an American public. Those who are so unfortunate as not to be able to read the original are all the more in a case which makes it desirable that they should read a translation like the present; for in M. Sainte-Beuve's portraits we find many of the best qualities of French literary art — an art which in all its secondary forms is consummate beyond comparison. The combination of infinite delicacy with infinite precision which marks these nine pictures is worthy of the highest admiration, as the finest product of laborious and keenly intelligent workmanship. Somebody has said, and with justice we think, that the reason why French people have better dinners than we have is that they begin their preparations for this great meal as soon as they get up in the morning; while our cooks and housewives leave everything until a quarter of an hour or so before the time of serving. We cannot help thinking that something of the same secret lies at the bottom of the superiority of the French secondary literature. There is an air of patient and conscientious toil about M. Sainte-Beuve's writing, to anybody who knows how writing is done, but which may escape the reader who does not greatly concern himself how effects are produced. The ease of a good performer on the trapeze may delude the spectator into the idea that the feats are as easy to do as they are to look at. Experts know better. The grace and finish and apparent absence of effort are results of intense effort at one time or another, and M. Sainte-Beuve's ease has been secured by arduous exertion. Light as his papers may seem, they are filled with thoroughness of knowledge, and thoroughness, however gracefully it may be veiled, is not to be had without toilsome and prolonged search. It is a simple matter to pile up words of vague delicacy, which seem to breathe a delightful *jeûne*; this is a style in which any puniest scribe may win a measure of sounding success. In manners, elegance is a small thing without manliness; and just in the same way delicacy, when it is simply a curtain for inexact and half-shaped impressions, is the worst of impostures.

In these portraits, as in most of his other work, M. Sainte-Beuve's task is definite characterization, the true function of the critic. Nothing can be more happy, for he has a sympathy for the fulness and depth and disinterestedness of women's emotions that seems to shed discovering rays over his analysis. The motto prefixed, as the translator reminds us, to the French edi-

tion, discloses the secret of his skill in these pictures:—

"Avez-vous donc été femme, monsieur, pour prétendre ainsi nous connaître?"
 "Non, madame; je ne suis pas le divin Tirésias; je ne suis qu'un humble mortel, qui vous a beaucoup aimée."

And this is true. M. Sainte-Beuve has a warm love, in itself eminently feminine, for the fine emotions, the tenderness, the generosity, the high impulse, of women when they are at their best. Women like De Staël, Roland, Madame Krudener, throwing their warmth and impulse into concerns which in the hands of men only appear cold, hard, and not very human, possess an irresistible attraction for him. It is really a kind of love with which he looks at them, reads their works, meditates on their memory, and writes about them. Madame de Sévigné's passion for her daughter, and Madame de Staël's passion for her father, in all their feminine intensity, strike a vibratory and responsive chord in the breast of the painter of their portraits. A short time ago M. Guizot published some papers on Madame Récamier, Madame de Rumford, and others. Excellent as they are in their way, they have an astonishing rigour or coldness of tone compared with the warm and tender appreciativeness of M. Sainte-Beuve. They serve by contrast to point the distinguished skill and feeling which M. Sainte-Beuve brings to these excellent portraiture, and which, it should be said, he never brings with such heartiness as he does to women, or else to men, like Maurice de Guérin, for instance, with a decisively feminine fibre in them. Nothing stirs him so much as that intense and eloquent sensibility which is most common in gifted women, but yet which M. Sainte-Beuve's own case forbids us to describe as an exclusively feminine property. Even the second-rate romances of some of his heroines he analyses with the patience of a devotee in presence of saintly relics. One or two good things in a whole volume are ample recompense to him. He reads Madlle. de Meulan's earliest romance, which seems to be passably thin, and is quite happy in culling from it a couple of sayings but a little removed above commonplace. His patience is matchless, only it hardly ought to be called patience, because it can scarcely be said to involve strain or effort, but is only a kind of prolonged brooding. He talks of Madame de Sévigné's letters. Let the reader, he says, "take up and read in course the ten volumes of her correspondence, to follow out,

and, in her own words, to *disentangle*, all the allusions—treat her, in short, as we treat Clarissa Harlowe when we have a fortnight of leisure and rainy weather in the country." We can understand M. Sainte-Beuve's style better after thinking of him as spending a leisurely fortnight in disentangling the manifold points of *Clarissa*.

From The Economist.

PROBABLE RENEWAL OF THE RECIPROCITY TREATY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

A PRACTICAL LESSON IN PROTECTION.

In 1854, a Treaty for the mutual exchange of commodities was settled between the United States and the Provinces of British North America, acting, of course, through the agency of the Imperial Government. At that time separate treaties, as it were, had to be settled with each of the Provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. At the present time, any revived negotiation would be with the new Dominion in which all these separate Provincial Legislatures are merged. Few diplomatic acts have ever answered more completely the objects sought than this Reciprocity Treaty of 1854. During the Civil War, however, the Northern States chose to be angry with what they called the sympathy displayed by a certain part of the Canadian population with the Confederates. Other sections of the more ardent American public persuaded themselves that Canada was ripe for secession from British rule, and would be precipitated into union with the States provided the facilities afforded by the Reciprocity Treaty were at once withdrawn. And a third part, holding the extreme Protectionist views of the Morrillites, were anxious to apply to Canada the regimen of exclusive duties pretty well universal in all parts of the fiscal legislation of Congress. In March, 1866, therefore, the Treaty was put an end to rudely and obstinately. The Canadians did all they could by negotiations and argument to avert the change, but they met with very scant civility.

The repeal has now been in operation for two years and a half. The Canadians have wisely concerned themselves in consolidating their own resources. They have carried to a successful issue the great internal measure of a single Dominion Executive and Parliament, and they have worked assiduously to free their Tariff and their Excise

from impediments and imperfections. They have left the Americans to themselves, and the Americans have already profited by their own observations and reflections, for one of the closing acts of the Congress just prorogued has been to instruct the Foreign Relations Committee to institute negotiations for a new Reciprocity Treaty.

In February last, Congress directed Mr. George W. Brega to inquire into the facts of the case. Mr. Brega presented a first report at the end of March and a second report in May, and Congress has considered both documents of sufficient importance to be made the subject of a second official edition of five thousand copies.

Mr. Brega goes at length and with sufficient industry and intelligence, but not with any striking ability or force, into the merits and facts of the problem, and he finds them in the main to be sufficiently simple. Canada, he finds, produces certain kinds of commodities—for example, particular kinds of lumber and grain, which the United States does not produce within itself; and the only effect of the repeal of the Treaty and the imposition of high duties on the American side of the Border has been to compel the American public to bear all these additional burdens itself.

"It cannot be denied", says Mr. Brega, "that whatever amount of these products were purchased for consumption in the United States since March, 1866, were purchased at as high prices in the Canadian markets as before the abrogation of the Treaty: and that the American consumer was compelled to pay the American duty in addition."

Mr. Brega also finds that the Smuggler—that most active and useful instructor of mediæval political economists—has been vigorously at work on the Canadian frontier, redressing with eminent success the blunders of Mr. Morrill and his friends. It would be easy to produce many amusing stories of the triumph of Contraband ingenuity over official requirements—but it is enough to say that the boundary line is a thousand miles long, the duties 30 per cent., and the Custom House officers badly paid; and the imagination must be dull indeed which cannot fill in the picture.

In every department of their relations with Canada the repeal of the Treaty has done harm to the States. It has disorganised their fishing trade—it has left the arrangements under which the St. Lawrence is

traversed by American trade in a confused and critical state—and it has certainly excited in Canada a spirit the reverse of friendly to the Washington Government.

As regards the navigation of the St. Lawrence, Mr. Brega's language is marked by the stilted exaggeration in which his countrymen almost always speak of the capabilities of their Continent. In substance, however, it is true, as he alleges, that the rapid growth of the North-Western region is rapidly converting the St. Lawrence Valley into the predominant route to the Atlantic shore,—and it is the progress of this change which in a few years will render the Intercolonial Railway between Halifax and Quebec an essential link in the chain of communication between East and West. "The free navigation," says Mr. Brega, "of the St. Lawrence is a matter of necessity to the immense growth of the great North-West. Already the various channels of communications for the produce of that vast territory to tide-water, where it seeks the markets of the world, are crowded beyond their capacity at certain periods. No artificial communications, no matter upon how liberal a scale they may be constructed, will be sufficient for the almost immediate future. Apart from the question of direct trade between the upper lakes and Europe, the existing communication even with its limited Canals is of the last importance. It is not exaggerating its consequence to assume that even a war for the possession of the right to the natural outlet of our great Lakes and the fertile teeming territory they drain would be less costly to us in its consequences than the loss which the closing of that outlet to our products would entail."

Everybody interested in Canada will be delighted to read this high official appreciation of the St. Lawrence Route, and to hear that an "immediate future" is upon us when it will be taxed to the limit of its capacity. But Mr. Brega is needlessly excited when he suggests a resort even to war in order to maintain the international character of the River. He may depend upon it that the Canadians understand too well the causes which are rapidly raising Montreal into rivalry with New York, to be at all desirous to hinder in the smallest degree the covering of the St. Lawrence with the ships of all nations—and pre-eminently of his own. What the lower courses of the Rhine have been and are to Holland, such are the lower courses of the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Canada. In the long line of traffic between Europe and the interior of

North America, there must be depôts and resting places—points where the two streams dissolve into each other—populous busy cities, inhabited by shrewd men of capital, forwarders, exchange dealers, brokers, and the like, who thrive vigorously by facilitating the passage of the tide of merchandise to and fro. It is the last thought of these men to go to war with their best customers—and so Mr. Brega will find when he comes to negotiate the New Treaty with the Ministers of the Dominion at Ottawa.

In the meantime, the confessions of this useful American State Paper are one lesson more to the pyramid of examples which have already taught a large part of mankind that the best thing which Governments can do for Trade is to leave it untouched either by Treaties, Tariffs, or "intelligent superintendence" of any kind whatever.

From The Spectator.

THE NORTH POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

WE have probably received the last news we shall have for many months to come respecting the Expeditions which have been sent from Germany and Sweden to the Arctic Seas. The German expedition sailed under the command of Captain Köldewey in the *Germania*. After an unsuccessful attempt to make the eastern shore of Greenland in latitude 75° the *Germania* sailed further north, and finding the shores of Greenland encumbered with enormous ice-fields compacted together by long continued easterly winds, she would seem to have pushed her way round the fields in a north-easterly direction, since the last intelligence we have respecting her describes her as having attained north latitude $80\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, in east longitude 5 degrees. Reference to a map of the North Polar regions will show that she is now some 120 miles from the north-western extremity of Spitzbergen. She was sailing in a northerly direction when last spoken.

The Swedish expedition has been somewhat less successful. It arrived at Bear Island seventeen days after the German expedition, and remained there five days. When last heard of the Swedish ship was in north latitude 80 degrees.

The two ships are following a course which many of the old Arctic navigators pursued unsuccessfully, but which yet appears, on the whole, to present a more favourable prospect of success than any other which could be devised. In 1607 Hudson

sailed northwards as far as latitude $81\frac{1}{2}$ degrees on the open sea between Greenland and Spitzbergen; and, before his time, Cabot had penetrated so far north on the same track, in the search for a north-western passage, that he formed the design of making a journey to the North Pole (*a lo del Polo Arctico*) at some future period. Scoresby found that the North Atlantic Ocean is exceedingly deep in these parts. Unless our memory deceive us, he could not reach the bottom with a mile and more of line when far to the north of Spitzbergen. In 1827 Sir Edward Parry attempted to reach the North Pole over the ice-fields which had hindered the progress of Hudson and Scoresby. Sailing as far north as he could from Spitzbergen, he landed his crew on the apparently solid ice-fields, and commenced his celebrated "boat-and-sledge" expedition towards the North Pole. A large reward had been offered to the party if they should succeed in reaching the parallel of 85° . Everything seemed to promise success, and they had already attained within about 160 miles of the last-named latitude, or within 850 miles of the North Pole, when Sir Edward Parry began to notice a singular and disheartening circumstance. He found that the northerly progress of his party by no means corresponded with the rate at which they were traversing the ice. Gradually the deficiency increased, until at length he found that although they were travelling fifteen miles a day over the ice-field, they were actually making no progress whatever towards the North Pole of the earth. The whole ice-field was being steadily carried southwards, like an enormous ship, before the northerly winds which had for several days opposed the advance of Parry and his crew.

The modern theory respecting the Arctic regions is that there extends for many degrees on every side of the North Pole a sea which is almost free from ice in summer. It is supposed by some that this sea communicates with the North Atlantic Ocean, while others imagine that enormous barriers of fixed ice, if not even of solid land, surround the Polar Sea on every side. In 1854-5 Dr. Kane traced Kennedy Channel as far north as $81^{\circ} 22'$; and to the north-east he saw an open sea extending as far as the eye could reach. "Its waves," says Captain Maury, "were dashing on the beach with the swell of a boundless ocean. The tides ebbed and flowed in it, and I apprehended that the tidal wave from the Atlantic could no more pass under the icy barrier to be propagated in the seas beyond than the vibrations of a musical string can

pass a fret on which the musician has placed his finger. These tides must have been born in that cold sea, having their cradle about the North Pole." Captain Maury seems, however, to have forgotten that the tidal wave of the Atlantic may have found its way into the Arctic Ocean round the north-eastern shores of Greenland, although barred off on the side of Kennedy Channel.

If we were to consider the analogy of the only planet which presents any features of resemblance to our earth, we should be led to doubt whether there really exists open water round the North Pole even in summer. The two white spots which have been called by astronomers "the snowy poles of moonless Mars" are never found to vanish even in the full heat of the Martial summer. Each of them extends in summer fully ten degrees of Martial longitude on every side of the pole it corresponds to. So that if similar ice-caps surround the earth's poles, there is very little hope that men will ever attain to either—in ships at any rate. But arrangements prevail on the earth's surface which differ wholly in character from anything of which we have evidence in the case of the planet Mars. The great Gulf Stream which is continually pouring an enormous volume of water—far warmer than the ocean through which it flows—into the Arctic Seas, must largely affect the condition of the North Polar regions. Where this stream finds an outlet, and by what course its waters find their way round Greenland into the Baffin's Bay current, are as yet moot points among seamen. But whatever opinion we may form on these questions, there can be no doubt that an enormous quantity of heat is liberated somewhere in the neighbourhood of the North Pole through the agency of the Gulf Stream; and it is far from being impossible that, during summer, at any rate, the circumpolar ice-fields are wholly melted away.

It is a singular fact that in whatever direction the North Pole has been approached, traces should always be noticed of a comparatively warm circumpolar sea or Polynia. Baron Wrangel started northwards from the coast of Siberia over the vast fixed ice-fields which cover the Arctic Sea there. He supposed that these extended far towards the North Pole; but before long he found open water, and was compelled to abandon his attempt to reach the Pole in that direction. When De Haven went in command of the American expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, he was told in his letter of instructions that when he had gone far up into Wellington Channel he was to look for an open sea to the northward and westward.

He did so, and saw in that direction a "water sky." A few years later Captain Penny found open water there, and sailed upon it. We have seen that Dr. Kane in 1855 saw open water from the northern extremity of Kennedy Channel, and our readers will scarcely need to be reminded of the evidence which Dr. Hayes' recent voyage affords of an Arctic Ocean extending far to the north of Greenland. In the year 1818, again, Barrington and Beaufoy called the attention of scientific men to the evidence of Dutch captains who asserted that they had approached within two or three degrees of the Pole, that they had there found an open sea, which was heaved by a swell that showed it to be of wide extent.

From The Saturday Review.

THE GLOBE EDITION OF BURNS.*

THE marvels in the way of good editing, good print, good paper, and monstrous cheapness which marked the Globe Shakespeare prevent the wonder one would otherwise have felt as to the combined excellence, completeness, convenience, and cheapness of the Globe Burns. Here you have for three shillings and sixpence Burns' complete works, letters and all, admirably printed and edited, as well as a passable prefatory memoir by Alexander Smith, who, if he was no great poet, had at least a nice and thoroughly unaffected poetic feeling. It is not a particularly easy thing to write a biographical preface about such a man as Burns. There are so many temptations to fine writing. Mr. Carlyle's incomparable essay is a standing inducement to every punier creature to try his hand at broad, pathetic, human treatment—the truth being that no kind of treatment so decisively demands a master as this, and that no kind so easily admits of a hollow, windy, and canting imitation. Alexander Smith steered clear of the chief peril, and has written a plain and honest memoir, with a word or two of sound and sensible criticism. Sometimes, we confess, it is not easy to go all the way with him. When he says that Burns drove "coarseness from humour" we feel that Alexander Smith's notions of coarseness must have been considerably more latitudinarian than those commonly accepted. Smith's own verse is characteristically delicate, and therefore it was no personal predilection that prevented him from seeing coarseness in scores of Burns' pictures, as

* *Poems, Songs, and Letters of Robert Burns.* The Globe Edition. Edited by Alexander Smith. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

well as in occasional phrases or even subjects. Burns was in nature the very reverse and opposite pole of coarseness; he was never brutally, foully, and even malignantly coarse, like Swift; but his social environment made a certain superficial coarseness, both of sentiment and phrase, unavoidable. The only thing to be said is that, with all but the over-aqueamish and unco' refined, this fact does not count for much, any more than it does in Shakspeare. A man must work with his instrument, and Burns' lyre now and again emits grotesque sounds as from Doric reveller's pipe. It was this frank and unpolished quality, after all, which brought his work so close to the heart of a nation. It is a curious thing about the Scotch, that, deep plunged as they are in the most terrible religious cant ever known in this world, and systematically addicted as they are to a couple of vices which they hypocritically profess to hold in abhorrence, yet they have the double knack, first, of producing men with the most wonderful gift of clear and manly vision, and next, of knowing such men when they see them. Scotland can raise prigs who would carry off the prize from the tallest specimens of that class we could raise in England. But, let it be said, she can excel in the production of men too. Perhaps the manliest soul in the eighteenth century was Burns. Perhaps even those who differ from him most vehemently as to this or that specific conclusion in the politics of the hour, will yet agree that high among the manliest and most straight-seeing of all living writers is Mr. Carlyle. Here are notable instances in which the great canting nation of the earth has produced two men in a couple of generations with a more profound and absolute absence of cant in their minds, in any of its subtle and unconscious forms, than any of the most eminent of their contemporaries. They are both of them radically free from the cardinal vice of a love of preaching, in the true and offensive sense of preaching — which, saving whiskey, is the characteristic passion of their country.

It is only Burns' dialect, and the comparative fewness of the compositions in which he is at the high mark of his own genius, that have prevented him from being as unboundedly popular in England as he is alike in Scotland and among the many colonies of Scotchmen quartered all over the face of the earth. The difficulties of dialect are simple enough to educated persons, but to the common folk in this country, with only an imperfect and empirical apprehension of their own tongue, they unquestionably interpose a barrier of some account. We are much inclined to doubt whether Burns is

very much read among the common people in England. There is a sort of loose opinion that he is the poet of the peasant and the artisan in all English-speaking lands. But the strangeness of his dialectic vocabulary is more powerful than the holders of this loose opinion suppose. Poems that need a rather voluminous glossary must be something like sealed books to the general. It is to be said, however, that some three or four of Burns' best pieces are intelligible enough to anybody who can read English; for example, his "Address to the Unco' Guid," the "Mountain Daisy," and others. But then the rollicking farce of the lines to the "Haggis," and even of the admirable "Tam O'Shanter," is partially veiled in the obscurity of an unlearned tongue. It would be the best thing that could happen to the English lower and poorer classes if they could thoroughly assimilate the noblest part of Burns — his humanity and tenderness for all animate and inanimate things. The stupendous brutality which marks the very poor English people — of course not universally, but as a class — in dealings with dumb animals, with children, and with women, would not be what it is if the spirit of Burns had much of a grip upon them. The cruelty of the majority of carters, cab-drivers, dog-trainers, and the like makes a sensitive man shudder to think of, as Hoggarth's pictures of Cruelty make him sicken in looking at them. The rich can be cruel too, with their steeplechases and so forth, but it is not their characteristic quality. Of course it would be absurd to demand from a common ploughman that he should be stirred by the turning up of a mouse's nest by his share, in the way in which a great poet was stirred. But it would be a good sign if one could see that the ploughman class recognised the beauty of such sentiment after Burns had expressed it for their behoof: —

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal.

This is just the sorrow which one wishes to see more general, as a precursor of the wider restoration of nature's social union. It is this profound and all-embracing pity which, coupled with his music on the one hand and his single-eyed directness on the other, gives Burns so worthy and noble a place among poets. The famous lines to the "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" breathe a spirit of divine and universal pity which is not equalled in modern verse — a

pity which we no more find in the school that is forever bawling forth that life is earnest, life is real, than in the subtler and more consummately varnished album-verse of the Laureate.

While the stock poets of his time were simpering and whining over Cupid's darts and broken hearts, Burns saw the true tragedy, and was less moved by the imaginary sighs of the fine lady than by the real anguish of a wounded hare. His verse was the beginning of the bringing back of the gifts of life and reality to verse. He saw the tragedy all through. His sorrow over the mouse, or the hare, or the daisy was not, like Sterne's sorrow over the dead ass, mere vapid sentimentalism; it was only the complement of his sense of the pathos, the broken purpose, the interfused hope and disappointment of human life. The unity of all existence was not hidden from him; mouse and man figured in his eyes as alike in the grip of identical circumstances. And the special glory of Burns is that, with all this perfect sense of the pathos of things, he is never anything approaching to weak or sentimental; on the contrary, he is one of the most strong and full-blooded of men. There is a splendid Rabelaisian humour about such a poem as the "Jolly Beggars," which is full of strength and rude force of the manliest sort. He is an illustration of the truth that there is the closest connexion between a capacity for pathos and a capacity for jovial and robust farcing. In all men of the great calibre there is this stamp. Who so pathetic as Beethoven, yet who can on occasion be so thoroughly a *farceur*? Burns was full-blooded and healthy on every side. Love, for example, in all his verse is as far removed from the puny conventional love of the poet of the drawing-room as it is from the blood and snakes and writhing and bitings of some poets who are excluded from the drawing-room. We have had Wordsworth since Burns, and the latter of the two has inspired most of the writers who have sought nature and plain life. The consequence has been an intense and gradually narrowing respectability which is breeding a rude reaction. And the reaction is sound enough, only do not let us go so far back as Sappho, but stay rather at Burns, the heartiest and most vigorously human of all our lyrists. Wordsworth had a far wider range of feeling for nature; he had more notes and was more fully articulate. But the friendship was august, stately, and solemn, as between two majestic potentates. There is a measure of coldness, awe, reverence — call it by a favourable or an unfavourable name as you will — in Wordsworth's intercourse

with nature. Nature was as a grey austere mother to him. With Burns she was far otherwise, she was his friend, the sympathetic onlooker, the almost conscious participant in the mood of the hour. He, in short, was a true singer, while in his illustrious successor there was more of the prophet or the high-priest. We are only pointing out a difference, not pretending to decide a question of superiority. The singer is the rarer of the two, the man in whom every stimulus directly awakens musical response; but, for being the rarer, he is not necessarily the higher of the two. Wordsworth, again, had a certain tendency to write as if nature would have been all the better comrade for him if she had left men and women out of her scheme. He was no misanthropist, but he was less stirred by human beings than by mountains and lakes; less interested in the play of character and mood in men, than in the moving shadows of the hills. Burns had something of the Shakspearian fulness of delight and interest in all that men do and feel; he had an unalloyed and unbounded sympathy with nature, because she forms the setting and environment of human action and human suffering. His anger, even, is profitable for an example; there is nothing sullen or lurid or spiteful about it, nor is it prudish, mawkish, smouldering, such as an eminent hand recently gave us an example of in that incredibly poor thing, "A Spiteful Letter." With the author of the "Twa Herds," of "Holy Willie's Prayer," of the Epigrams on Lord Galloway, anger was what it should be in a big man — sheer lightning, swift, decisive, and straight-hitting.

From The Fortnightly Review.

JOHN WILKES.

WHEN an exasperated London mob tore down the railings of Hyde Park, some writers blamed the Government for vacillation, while others deplored the ascendancy of the "roughs." The majority regarded the occurrence as unprecedented and deplorable. It was commonly asserted that, with the exception of the Gordon riots, proceedings equally lawless had not disgraced the metropolis and terrified its inhabitants since the final establishment in England of constitutional government conducted by a responsible ministry. Our forefathers, however, were not unaccustomed to see the cause of order temporarily endangered owing to the wild violence of a frenzied mob. A century ago, disorders of far greater gravity than the trifling tumult which re-

cently blanched the cheeks of our timid statesmen, were almost the rule in the metropolis. Sober citizens were then compelled to illuminate their houses, at the bidding of the multitude, in honour of the popular favourite. Men of rank were obliged to shout in praise of a commoner whom they regarded as the incarnation of everything that was detestable in politics and morals. Those who declined to obey the summons of the rabble were punished in their persons and property. This was no passing outburst, which spent its fury in a day, and was forgotten after a week. During fifteen years the metropolis was a frequent prey to these scandalous demonstrations. They had their origin in the violation of law on the part of the Ministry, and their justification was that they were open expressions of a determination on the part of the people that no Englishman, whatever his faults, should be subjected to harsh and illegal treatment by a tyrannical Government, a venal Parliament, and a rancorous king. The people were in the right, and their will prevailed. Long before his life closed, John Wilkes could boast that he had succeeded in forcing a reluctant Government to acknowledge that it had overstepped the limits of law, in persuading an unfriendly House of Commons to expunge from its journals resolutions which were framed in order to blast his memory, and in being officially received at the Court of a sovereign who had strained every nerve to punish him as a traitor.

I.

In July, 1757, Mr. Wilkes was returned as member of Parliament for Aylesbury. He was then in his thirtieth year. Three years previously he had unsuccessfully contested the borough of Berwick-upon-Tweed. That he failed then was not attributable to his want of daring, because he signalled himself by an effort which testified to the possession of boldness and ingenuity. The Delaval family had great influence in that borough. Some of their supporters were residents in London. They were sent to Berwick in order to record their votes, and, for reasons of economy, were sent by sea in place of by land. Wilkes bribed the captain of the vessel to land them on the coast of Norway, and thus inflicted a twofold, as well as an unexpected, loss on his opponents. His return for Aylesbury was probably facilitated by the lavishness of his expenditure, for the election cost him seven thousand pounds. His first care was to write and offer his support to Mr. Pitt, using these words: "I am very happy now to

contribute more than my warmest wishes for the support of his wise and excellent measures, and my ambition will ever be to have my parliamentary conduct approved by the ablest minister, as well as the first character, of the age. I live in the hope of doing my country some small services at least; and I am sure the only certain way of doing any is by a steady support of your measures." In the House he fulfilled the pledge which he had voluntarily given to the minister. He could do this the more heartily, because the foreign policy of Pitt, which consisted in upholding British supremacy and humbling French power, was thoroughly in accordance with his own views. In cherishing a blind and unreasoning hatred for France, Wilkes was in unison with those who at that period were regarded as true-born Englishmen. To humiliate France was then as warmly desired by the majority of the people as to humiliate Russia has been advocated in our day by a fanatical minority. But it is doubtful if, at the middle of the eighteenth century, a Frenchman was much more obnoxious than a Scotchman to a haughty and boastful Englishman. This aversion to the Scotch was not inexcusable. Twice since the revolution, a Scottish rebellion had embarrassed the dynasty which occupied the throne by a parliamentary title and with the express sanction of the nation. At the French Court, and among the Scotch Highlanders, the Stuarts found countenance and devoted adherents. It was felt by the enlightened section of the country that their restoration would be equivalent to the defeat of every Liberal principle, to be followed by the chastisement of every supporter of the Liberal cause. For a time it was feared that the old days of bigotry, superstition, and prerogative were about to be restored. The rising of 1745 was almost a success. The rebels were defeated at last, and they were punished with a severity which to us appears merciless, but which many then deemed necessary. It was long, however, before the thoroughness of the measures of repression was perceived. The dread of a renewed attempt survived the executions of rebel lords and the confiscation of rebel lands. As is common under these circumstances, the innocent were confounded with the guilty, and every Scotchman had to bear the opprobrium which but a small section of his countrymen had fairly earned.

While the popular mind was animated with these sentiments, a Scottish nobleman became Prime Minister. Had the Earl of Bute been a statesman of rare foresight and proved capacity, he would have had little

chance of surmounting the obstacles strewn in his path. It was hardly possible for any man to satisfy a public that idolised Pitt. There was no surer way of exasperating the public than to run counter to Pitt's policy and undo his work. Pitt had carried on a war in which France had been worsted; Bute concluded a peace from which England reaped none of the fruits of victory. Pitt had been ostentatious in declining to soil his hands with corrupt appointments; the first act of Bute was to gratify his personal adherents at the public expense. He systematically bestowed the most lucrative appointments on Scotchmen whose claims for advancement were no greater than his own claim to hold the highest office in the State. Who can wonder that a Minister so incompetent and a scheme of Government so detestable should have excited general discontent!

Wilkes became the channel through which the popular anger found vent. He founded the *North Briton*, with the express object of ridiculing Scotchmen and opposing Lord Bute. Imbued as he was with the worst national prejudices, he was well qualified for adding fuel to the indignation which flamed in many breasts. Less polished than Addison, and less incisive than Junius, he had the art of stating a case with a clearness which rendered it intelligible to every reader, and he had the audacity requisite for putting in plain terms the most unpalatable truths. The Ministry was suspected of truckling to France: he furnished plausible reasons in corroboration of this opinion. The Premier was supposed to be improperly intimate with the king's mother: he treated this rumour as a fact, and made it the basis of specific denunciations. Hack-writers sold their pens to Lord Bute, but they failed in disproving the charges brought against their patron's reputation. What gave point to the denunciations of Wilkes was the undoubted weakness of the Government. Its measures were devoid of all statesmanship. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was Sir Francis Dashwood, than whom a more incompetent financier never, perhaps, undertook the high duties of his office. He was literally hooted into resignation. Like all weak men, the Ministers longed to revenge themselves on the pitiless exponent of their shortcomings. In the twenty-seventh number of the *North Briton*, there is an open reference to the threats of punishment which those in power had used towards its conductor. It was not, however, till after the publication of the famous Forty-fifth number that the storm burst on the doomed head of Wilkes.

The Earl of Bute resigned office on the 8th of April, 1763. His place was filled by Mr. George Grenville. It was supposed that his retirement was nominal only, that he still advised the sovereign and inspired the Ministry. The publication of the *North Briton* was suspended for three weeks, and was resumed as soon as it became known that the ministerial changes were of the slightest possible kind, and did not promise any improvement in the system of administration. The number which attracted so much notice contained comments on the speech from the throne, then recently delivered. The passages on which the prosecution of Wilkes was founded, were to the following effect, that "The *King's speech* has always been considered by the legislature, and by the public at large, as the *speech of the Minister*. It has regularly, at the beginning of every session of Parliament, been referred by both Houses to the consideration of a committee, and has been generally canvassed with the utmost freedom, when the Minister of the Crown has been obnoxious to the nation. . . . This week has given the public the most abandoned instance of ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be imposed on mankind. The *Minister's speech* of last Tuesday is not to be paralleled in the annals of this country. I am in doubt whether the imposition is greater on the sovereign or on the nation. Every friend of his country must lament that a prince of so many great and amiable qualities, whom England truly reveres, can be brought to give the sanction of his sacred name to the most odious measures, and to the most unjustifiable public declarations, from a throne ever renowned for truth, honour, and unsullied virtue." The foregoing is a fair sample of the passages which the Attorney-General of that day selected in support of his charge of seditious libel. What strikes every impartial reader now is the comparative tameness of the whole number when contrasted with preceding ones. Neither the language nor the allusions in the inculcated number can match the virulence of tone and poignancy of rebuke with which the favourite and his master had been treated on previous occasions. It was not so much on account of the statements themselves as for the convenient handle they afforded, that proceedings were begun against the alleged author of No. 45. That Wilkes should have insinuated that a royal speech contained an untrue statement, was to give his enemies plausible grounds for raising the good cry of disloyalty. His answer that every allegation in the number was really well-founded, and that the strongest

passages could be matched by others which had been spoken in Parliament, availed nothing with a Ministry and its adherents who preferred to support the crown, rather than conciliate the people—who claimed entire freedom of debate, but denied all liberty to the press. Indeed, the struggle was, whether or not a man should print and circulate that which in his place in Parliament he might freely utter without fear either of giving offence or of receiving punishment.

A week after the publication of this number, a blow was struck at the liberties of Englishmen. Lord Halifax issued a General Warrant for the apprehension of "the authors, printers, and publishers of a seditious and treasonable paper entitled the *North Briton*, No. 45," and for the seizure of their papers. In virtue of this illegal warrant Wilkes, among others, was taken prisoner, and his private papers were seized. He was brought before Lords Halifax and Egremont, the principal Secretaries of State, and interrogated, with a view to discover his guilt. But he proved more than a match for the two Ministers of the Crown, baffling all their efforts by his imperturbable coolness and biting retorts. They committed him to the Tower, where he was held a close prisoner,—even his legal advisers being denied admittance. His friends sued for a writ of *habeas corpus*, but this was evaded by the transference of him from the custody of one person to another. After three days' detention under these unjustifiable circumstances, he was brought under a writ of *habeas corpus* before the Court of Common Pleas. Three days later he was discharged from custody on the ground of privilege of Parliament. Before this, however, he had been dismissed from his command of the Buckinghamshire militia. Lord Temple was likewise deprived of his lord-lieutenancy of that county, because, when notifying his dismissal to Wilkes, he had written, "I cannot, at the same time, help expressing the concern I feel in the loss of an officer, by his deportment in command endeared to the whole corps." All these stringent measures exasperated the populace. Whenever Wilkes appeared in public, he was saluted with acclamations. In the city it became customary to toast "Wit, Beauty, Virtue, Honour!" which, Walpole records, were "ironic designations of the King, Queen, Princess-Dowager, and Lord Bute."

Parliament met on the 13th of November. In the House of Commons, Mr. Grenville read a message from the king, detailing the

proceedings which had been taken against Wilkes. A vote of thanks was first unanimously passed for this gracious message; then it was moved by Lord North, "That the paper entitled the *North Briton*, No. 45, is a scandalous and seditious libel, containing expressions of the most unexampled insolence and contumely towards his Majesty, the grossest aspersions upon both houses of parliament, and the most audacious defiance of the authority of the whole legislature; and most manifestly tending to alienate the affections of the people from his Majesty, to withdraw them from their obedience to the laws of the realm, and to excite them to traitorous insurrections against his Majesty's government." The terms of this resolution render it quite clear that the art of penning vehement phrases was not confined to those writers of the day who were noted for scurrility. The debate which ensued was characterised by violence and abounded in recriminations. Walpole, who was present, says that Pitt spoke forty times. He was no friend to Wilkes, yet he refused to sacrifice in his person alike the liberty of the subject and the independence of Parliament. But the friends of the king outnumbered and outvoted the true friends of liberty. The resolution was carried by a large majority, as well as another ordering that the incriminated papers should be burned by the hands of the common hangman.

Wilkes made a temperate address, narrating the circumstances of his arrest, and offering to waive the privilege he had been declared by the Court of Common Pleas to possess as Member of Parliament, in order that he might be tried before a jury of his countrymen. He was answered by Mr. Martin, an ex-Secretary to the Treasury, who upbraided him in the foulest language, exclaiming that the author of the *North Briton* "was a malignant and infamous scoundrel, who had stabbed him in the dark." This outburst was occasioned by a very uncomplimentary reference made to Mr. Martin eight months previously. He had nursed his wrath till the fitting time should come for having his revenge. Moreover, he had assiduously cultivated the art of shooting with a pistol. Mr. Grenville gave the king a minute account of the debate, and received in reply a letter of thanks, in which his Majesty wrote: "Your account of the meeting last night gives me well-grounded hopes that everything in Parliament will go well; the continuance of Wilkes' impudence is amazing, when his ruin is so near." It is unlikely that his Majesty was aware of the design to

put a period to the career of Wilkes by putting an end to his life. When the House assembled to discuss what further measures should be adopted against him, the members not in the secret were amazed to learn that Wilkes had been severely wounded in a duel with Mr. Martin, and was not expected to survive.

Concurrently with these proceedings in the Commons, other steps were taken in the Lords with a view to crush the favourite of the people. Immediately after the House assembled, the Earl of Sandwich rose and read a poem, of which indecency and blasphemy were the characteristics. Lord Hardwicke begged him to desist, on the ground that it was not necessary to read the whole; but Lord Sandwich enjoyed it too heartily himself to stop before he had reached the end. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, affected surprise and indignation that the ears of his brethren and himself should be polluted with such filth. The notes to the poem were said to have been penned by him. Against this assertion he was justified in protesting. It is doubtful, however, if he can be defended for using the language he employed, for he exclaimed that "the blackest fiends in hell would not keep company with Wilkes when he should arrive there." The historians who have narrated this occurrence have defended the warmth of Warburton because of the disgusting nature of the offence and of his unprepared state to meet such a charge. This excuse cannot again be advanced with propriety; for the bishop was neither so impetuous nor so greatly astonished as has been supposed. He had rehearsed his part. The following extract from a letter addressed by Lord Sandwich to Mr. Grenville seven days prior to the meeting of Parliament, proves at once the hypocrisy and servility of Warburton:—"I have been this morning with the bishop, and showed him the papers. He comes heartily into the affair, says he will not only authorize me to complain in his name of this outrage, but will take any part in it himself that shall be judged proper by the king's administration, and he seems much pleased with the scheme in general."* Some time before this scene, Warburton wrote, in a letter to Pitt:—"I have a master above, and I have one below: I mean God and the King." Although a bishop, he did not admit the truth of the Scriptural injunction about the difficulty of serving two masters. Nor did he forget to claim his reward for the faithful service he

had rendered to "the king's administration;" for, six months afterwards, on the bishopric of London becoming vacant, he wrote to Mr. Grenville, soliciting the appointment, apologising for his presumption in these terms:—"I who have nothing to support my pretensions but an unfeigned zeal for the service of religion and of my royal master." He had the mortification of acting as the tool of more astute men, without receiving from them in return the substantial favours for which his soul yearned. He did not even get the credit of being the diligent servant of his master in heaven. Pitt only repeated the language then generally current, when he indignantly said to Walpole, on being informed of the disgraceful proceedings in the House of Lords: "Why do not they search the Bishop of Gloucester's study for heresy?"

Lord Sandwich, the active agent in this infamous plot, was noted as the most profligate man of an age which surpassed in shameless profligacy any period in our history, excepting the reign of Charles II. Lord Despencher, his rival but not his equal in every vice that sullies humanity, was shocked at the spectacle of so consummate a reprobate acting as a stern censor of the immorality he loved to practise, and exclaimed that he had "never before heard the devil preach a sermon against sin." Two of the peers were true to their trust as members of the highest judicial as well as legislative body in the kingdom. They were Lords Sandys and Temple, and they expostulated with the minister for using private papers, obtained under a warrant held to be illegal, in order to inflame the country against Wilkes. But this availed nothing. The peers were too much the king's friends to refuse assent to any suggestion made by the king's ministers. In consequence of this, Wilkes was tried and convicted of publishing a poem of which the copies were filched from him under an illegal warrant, and the contents made public for the first time by Lord Sandwich in the House of Lords. No evidence was then advanced, nor has any been yet adduced, proving him to have written the poem. It is almost certain that its author was Mr. Potter, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the reputed gallant of the Bishop of Gloucester's wife; that it was composed for the perusal of a select body of rakes who acknowledged the Earl of Sandwich as their model, and who naturally thought that, as he was their sworn boon-companion, so he would prove their truest friend. His treachery had the effect of in-

* Grenville Papers, vol ii. pp. 153, 154.

creasing, in so far as that were possible, the contempt in which he was held by all honest men, and in rendering his name a byword for all that is basest and most vicious in human conduct. Yet he did not stand alone. Several of his colleagues in the Government were fitting associates for this paragon of depravity. That even the king did not relish the service of ministers who were debauched as well as servile, is proved by the following entry in the Premier's diary:—"The king sometimes observes to Mr. Grenville that there are not among his servants too many people of decent and orderly characters."

While Wilkes lay dangerously wounded, the House of Commons postponed the consideration of the manner in which he was to be punished. Dissatisfied, however, with the slowness of his recovery, an eminent physician and a surgeon were ordered to visit him, and report as to his condition. He refused to see them. Another visitor attempted to force his way into his house with the intent, it is alleged, of preventing his recovery by stabbing him to death. This was Alexander Dun, a Scotchman, who was incensed at the style in which his countrymen had been satirized in the *North Briton*. He was apprehended, but acquitted on what seems to be the reasonable ground that he was more given to vapouring than disposed to commit a murder. Meantime, it was ruled in the Court of Common Pleas that the warrant issued by the Secretaries of State, and by virtue of which Wilkes had been arrested, was wholly illegal. A jury awarded one thousand pounds damages against Mr. Wood for the seizure of the papers of Wilkes, and Chief Justice Pratt, when giving judgment, employed these emphatic words, "Upon the maturest consideration, I am bold to say that this warrant is illegal;" that if it should be decided otherwise by a higher tribunal, "I submit, as will become me, and kiss the rod; but I must say, I shall always consider it as a rod of iron for the chastisement of the people of Great Britain." This declaration gave great offence at Court. Fawning courtiers nourished the king's foolish resentment, and the Chief Justice of England demeaned himself by acting the part of the most despicable courtier. A few days after this, Mr. Grenville, the Premier, wrote in his diary:—"The king told Mr. Grenville that Lord Mansfield had been with him, speaking with the warmest zeal for his service; that he had told his Majesty that he should not declare it in public, but that he should tell his Majesty that, according to his opinion, no man had ever behaved so shamefully as Lord Chief Justice Pratt had

done; that Lord Chief Justice Jeffries had not acted with greater violence than him, for he had denied his Majesty that justice which every petty Justice of the Peace would have granted to a highwayman." The nation thought differently. Chief Justice Pratt became one of the most popular men in the kingdom. His portrait, from the matchless pencil of Reynolds, was placed in Guildhall. It bore the inscription, "In honour of the zealous assertor of English liberty by law." Foreigners who visited London crowded to see the judge who rendered impartial justice between sovereign and subject, who was too sound a lawyer to blunder, and too upright a man to cringe before the throne. But, while his praiseworthy demeanour was odious to the king's friends, the conduct of the populace was highly disrespectful alike to the House of Commons and the Royal Family. When the hangman attempted to burn the forty-fifth number of the *North Briton*, the paper was snatched from him, and in its stead a petticoat and jack-boot, symbolising the king's mother and Lord Bute, were committed to the flames. This was not the only occasion on which the people gave practical manifestations of their sympathy with those who had a hand in the obnoxious number. It was reprinted, and Williams, the printer, was sentenced to the pillory. He went thither in a coach marked No. 45. The bystanders cheered him instead of pelting him with missiles, as they were wont to do in the case of offenders who underwent this degrading punishment. Two hundred pounds were collected and handed over to him, while a gallows was erected, and a boot with a Scotch bonnet suspended from it in derision of the supposed prime mover in all these proceedings.

Parliament adjourned for the Christmas holidays before the case against Wilkes had been decided. He went to Paris in order to facilitate his recovery by change of air and scene. Before the re-assembling of Parliament his wound had broken open, and instead of starting for London he was compelled to remain under medical care in the French capital. He sent a medical certificate to the Speaker; this the House refused to accept on the pretext that it had not been sworn before a notary. The majority was too anxious for his expulsion to be easily moved by considerations of decency and fair play. On the 19th of January, 1764, he was expelled; and on the 21st of the succeeding month he was convicted in the Court of Queen's Bench of re-publishing the forty-fifth number of the *North Briton*, and of printing and publishing the "Essay on

Woman," which Lord Sandwich had really published for the first time in the House of Lords. He was not convicted, nor was he even accused, of being the author of either. As he did not appear to receive sentence, he was outlawed.

A debate took place as to the legality of General Warrants, but the Government succeeded in hindering the passing of a direct resolution against them. Several of the ministerial supporters voted with the opposition. The king regarded this as a personal insult. He punished Conway, one of the most conspicuous offenders, by depriving him of his military command, on the ground that he could not trust his army "in the hands of a man who votes in Parliament against him." During the debate, language was used with impunity on the ministerial side of far greater virulence, and more insulting to the House, than anything ever uttered or written by Wilkes. Norton, one of the law-officers of the Crown, and afterwards Speaker of the House, said with reference to the proposed resolution against General Warrants: "If I were a judge, I should pay no more regard to this resolution than to that of a drunken porter." In those days every excess was permissible provided it leaned to the side of arbitrary power.

Two years later the Marquis of Rockingham was in office, and the same House resolved that General Warrants, as well as all acts done in virtue of them, were illegal; and, in the case of a Member of Parliament, constituted breaches of Privilege. When the Duke of Grafton became Premier, Wilkes visited London and petitioned for a pardon, but was put off with an evasive answer. Since the publication of the Grenville papers, it is known that the king would not listen to any proposal of the kind. In a letter from the Bishop of Carlisle to Mr. Grenville it is said: "The ministers are embarrassed to the last degree how to act with regard to Wilkes. It seems they are afraid to press the king for his pardon, as that is a subject his Majesty will not easily hear the least mention of; and they are apprehensive, if he has it not, that the mob of London will rise in his favour, which God forbid."

At the beginning of March, 1768, he again returned home, and solicited the king in person for a pardon. This application was treated with neglect because made informally. Seven days later he issued an address as candidate to represent the City of London. He polled 1,247 votes, but was unsuccessful. On the day following this decision he issued an address to the

freeholders of Middlesex. The election took place at Brentford, on the 28th of March. At the close of the poll the numbers were—Mr. Wilkes, 1,292; Mr. Cooke, 827; Sir W. B. Proctor, 807. This was a victory which astonished the public and terrified the ministry. The mob was in ecstasies. The citizens of London were compelled to illuminate their houses and to shout for "Wilkes and liberty."

It was the earnest desire of the ministry to pardon the man whom they had persecuted, but the king remained inexorable. Even the intercession of Lord Mansfield failed to mollify him. His reply took the form of "a very warm complaint of the conduct of the present ministers, particularly of the Duke of Grafton, that a man in his situation should propose a pardon." Meantime, the king was meditating fresh measures of severity against his obnoxious subject. A month after the election he wrote to Lord North: "Though relying entirely on your attachment to my person as well as on your hatred of any lawless proceeding, yet I think it highly expedient to apprise you that the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes appears to be very essential, and must be effected." What the sovereign counselled was duly accomplished.

Before his expulsion, Wilkes was a prisoner in the King's Bench. Having surrendered, it was determined that his outlawry was informal; consequently it was reversed, and sentence was passed for the offences whereof he had been convicted. He was fined one thousand pounds, and imprisoned for twenty-two months. On his way to prison he was rescued by the mob; but as soon as he could escape out of the hands of his boisterous friends he went and gave himself into the custody of the Marshal of the King's Bench. Parliament met on the 10th of April, and it was thought that he would be released in order to take his seat. A dense multitude assembled before the prison, but, balked in its purpose of escorting the popular favourite to the House, became furious, and commenced a riot. Soldiers were at hand prepared for this outbreak. They fired, wounding and slaughtering several persons; among others, they butchered a young man whom they found in a neighbouring house, and who was mistaken for a rioter they had pursued. At the inquest the jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the magistrate who ordered the firing, and the soldier who did the deed. The magistrate was tried and acquitted. The soldier was dismissed the service, but received in compensation, as a reward for his services, a pension of one

shilling a day. A general order sent from the War Office by Lord Barrington conveyed his Majesty's express thanks to the troops employed, assuring them "that every possible regard shall be shown to them; their zeal and good behaviour on this occasion deserve it; and in case any disagreeable circumstance should happen in the execution of their duty, they shall have every defence and protection that the law can authorise and this office can give." This approbation of what the troops had done was the necessary supplement to a despatch from Lord Weymouth sent before the riot, and intimating that force was to be used without scruple. Wilkes commented on both documents. His observations on the latter drew a complaint from Lord Weymouth of breach of privilege. This was made an additional pretext for his expulsion from the House of Commons.

Ten days afterwards he was re-elected, his opponent receiving five votes only. On the following day the House resolved "that John Wilkes, Esquire, having been in this session of Parliament expelled this House, was and is incapable of being elected a member to serve in this present Parliament;" and his election was declared void. Again the freeholders of Middlesex returned him, and the House re-affirmed the above resolution. At another election he was opposed by Colonel Luttrell, a Court tool, when he polled 1,143 votes against 296 cast for Luttrell. It was declared, however, that the latter had been elected. Now began a struggle between the country, which had been outraged in the persons of the Middlesex electors, and a subservient majority in the House of Commons that did not hesitate to become instrumental in gratifying the personal resentment of a revengeful and obstinate king. The cry of "Wilkes and liberty" was raised in quarters where the very name of the popular idol had been proscribed. It was evident that not the law only had been violated in his person, but that the Constitution itself had sustained a deadly wound. Wilkes was overwhelmed with substantial marks of sympathy. In the course of a few weeks twenty thousand pounds were subscribed to pay his debts. He could boast, too, that the courts of law had at length done what was right between him and one of the Secretaries of State who had signed the General Warrant, the other having been removed by death beyond the reach of justice. Lord Halifax was sentenced to pay four thousand pounds damages. These damages, and the costs of the proceedings, were defrayed out of the public purse. Lord North admitted

that the outlay had exceeded one hundred thousand pounds. Thus the nation was doubly insulted by the ministers, who first violated the law, and then paid the costs of the proceedings out of the national taxes.

On the 17th of April, 1770, Wilkes left the prison, to be elected in rapid succession to the offices — then much sought after, because held in high honour — of Alderman, Sheriff, and Lord Mayor of London. In 1774 he was permitted to take his seat as Member for Middlesex. After several failures, he succeeded in getting the resolutions of his incapacity to sit in the House formally expunged from its journals. He was elected Chamberlain of the City in 1779, and filled that lucrative and responsible post till his death, in 1797, at the age of seventy.

Although the latter portion of his career as Member of Parliament has generally been considered a blank, yet it was marked by several incidents worthy of attention. He was a consistent and energetic opponent of the war with America. In a speech delivered in 1775, he protested against driving the colonists to extremities, and thereby rendering reconciliation impossible. Among other things deserving notice now, he said: — "Whether their present state is that of rebellion, or of a fit and just resistance to unlawful acts of power, to our attempts to rob them of their properties and liberties, as they imagine, I shall not declare. This I know: a successful resistance is a revolution, not a rebellion. Rebellion, indeed, appears on the back of a flying enemy, but revolution flames on the breastplate of the victorious warrior. Who can tell, Sir, whether — in consequence of this day's violent and mad address to his Majesty — the scabbard may not be thrown away by them as well as by us; and, should success attend them, whether in a few years the independent Americans may not celebrate the glorious era of the revolution of 1775 as we do that of 1688?" Again, during the same year, he adduced these considerations, of which the wisdom has been proved by the result: — "We are fighting for the subjection, the unconditional submission, of a country infinitely more extended than our own, of which every day increases the wealth, the natural strength, the population. Should we not succeed, it will be a loss never enough to be deplored, a bosom friendship soured to hate and resentment. We shall be considered as their most implacable enemies, an eternal separation will follow, and the grandeur of the British Empire pass away. Success, final success, seems to me not equivocal,

not uncertain, but impossible." On another occasion he pithily and wisely remarked:—"Let us treat with the liberal spirit of freemen and Englishmen. Unconditional submission is unconstitutional submission, and becomes only the slaves of an arbitrary monarch." Commenting on the following words in a speech from the throne, "Among the unavoidable ill consequences of this rebellion, none affects me more sensibly than the extraordinary burden which it must create to my faithful subjects," he pointedly and happily said:—"How many faithful subjects have lost their lives as well as their fortunes in this destructive quarrel; yet the loss of their fortunes is what affects most sensibly! Jason sought the golden fleece, and cared little for the sheep." To the observations quoted from his speeches regarding America, which the listeners disregarded, but which have proved almost prophetic, the following may be fitly added in conclusion:—"We know that there is no more love of liberty in the French Court than in our own; but I rejoice that liberty will have a resting-place, a sure asylum, in America, from the persecution of almost all the princes of the earth." The man who gave vent to this remark a century ago was prescient beyond those of his contemporaries, who have been praised both for resisting the contest with America and for advocating, as the consequence of an important war, the recognition of its independence.

It would be easy to give quotations from other speeches, demonstrating that the great agitator was a man of sound and enlightened views. He stood up for toleration towards Dissenters and Roman Catholics at a time when both were treated with unjustifiable harshness. He urged on the House the duty of making the British Museum a useful institution, and giving to art and science adequate encouragement, at a time when no man of note thought that Parliament should legislate in the interests of either. He advocated Reform in language which the reformers of later days have not surpassed, approving of the suppression of rotten boroughs, and of the enfranchisement of the dwellers in Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, and Leeds. Indeed, so just were his ideas on this question that words spoken by him in 1776 might be used even now by the reformers who labour for the suppression of the small and decayed boroughs:—"The disfranchising of the mean, venal, and dependent boroughs would be laying the axe to the root of corruption and Treasury influence, as well as aristocratical tyranny. We ought equally to guard against those who sell themselves, or whose lords

sell them." It is commonly supposed that when Wilkes obtained his seat as Member for Middlesex, he forgot the cause alike of the people and of freedom. If those who believe this would but read his speeches they might retract the false statements they have made in consequence of their ignorance. This, however, will not be done till historians prefer truth to foregone conclusions.

II.

Hitherto the writers who have treated the career of Wilkes have been conspicuous for their determination to underrate his importance and to deny his sincerity. That the natural friends of loyalty at any price should do this is what might be expected. But it is surprising that the staunch upholders of popular liberties against regal domination should think it right to vilify the man who did and suffered more than any politician of his time in order that the subject should be able to claim protection against the injustice of the sovereign. Had it not been for such a bold man as Wilkes, half the work of the revolution would have been undone. George III. had resolved upon introducing personal government to an extent which would have rendered him ultimately independent of Parliament. Many of the leading statesmen of the day were ready to sustain him in this nefarious attempt. It was chiefly due to Wilkes that the scheme was defeated. He was not, it is true, a man whose moral character can be held up for imitation; but the censures which are cast upon him apply equally to all his distinguished contemporaries. It would be easy to show that, at the worst, he was less open to blame than is generally supposed. This, however, it is unnecessary to do. A man's vices are as much a part of himself as his virtues. It does not aid us in the understanding of his character to begin by asserting that he was untainted with vice. Moreover, a politician may think justly, and act on the principles of pure patriotism, even though he should have had an obscene poem in his possession, and have been the father of an illegitimate child. Besides, a man is not necessarily wicked because he has the misfortune to squint.

No one who has seen Wilkes "drawn from the life" by Hogarth can be favourably impressed with his personal appearance. A more repulsive portrait was never painted, or rather, no one ever injured his friend with equal malignity than Hogarth did when he produced that celebrated caricature. Nothing puts the injured man in a pleasanter light than the manner in which he bore

the affront. Referring to the subject in his notes to Churchill's poems, Wilkes good-humouredly and wittily wrote; — "It must be allowed to be an excellent compound caricature, or rather, a caricature of what nature had already caricatured. I know but one short apology to be made for this gentleman, or, to speak more properly, for the person of Mr. Wilkes; it is, that he did not make himself, and that he never was solicitous about the case of his soul (as Shakspeare calls it), only so far as to keep it clean and in health. I never heard that he once hung over the glassy stream, like another Narcissus, admiring the image in it, nor that he ever stole an amorous look at his counterfeit in a side mirror. His form, such as it is, ought to give him no pain, while it is capable of giving so much pleasure to others. I believe he finds himself tolerably happy in the clay cottage to which he is *tenant for life*, because he had learned to keep it in pretty good order, while the share of health and animal spirits which Heaven has given him should hold out. I can scarcely imagine he will be one moment peevish about the outside of so precarious, so temporary a habitation; or will ever be brought to own, *Ingenium Galbae male habitat: Monsieur est mal logé.*" It is certain that a man who could be so sprightly and sensible when referring to the caricature of Hogarth would not have been greatly overcome had he lived to read the language in which the late Lord Brougham thought it good taste to refer to "his inhuman squint and demoniac grin." Nor would he have done otherwise than treated as an ebullition of forensic rhetoric the noble lord's statement that he had "prostituted the printing-press to multiply copies of a production that would dye with blushes the cheek of an impure." It may be noticed, in passing, that if Lord Brougham had read the production to which he referred he was singularly favoured, seeing that no authentic printed copy of it is known to exist. If he were misled owing to the perusal of a spurious document, then he did gross injustice to the memory of Wilkes.

Another nobleman of tried liberality in politics has considered it fair to characterise Wilkes as "a profligate spendthrift, without opinions or principles — religious or political; whose impudence far exceeded his talents, and who always meant license when he cried liberty." It is not easy to learn what a politician really means, and it may be that Earl Russell has learned, since penning the foregoing words, that the purest motives are liable to misinterpretation. But all the available evidence tends to prove

the incorrectness of the opinion enunciated in such unqualified terms by Earl Russell. While public declarations signify little, private letters have often a real value. Now, the public and private language of Wilkes tally so well that he must have been a hypocrite of inconceivable magnitude to have uniformly persisted in statements intended to deceive, yet addressed to persons whom he had no reason for misleading. To Earl Temple he wrote, while the proceedings relative to the *North Briton* were pending, as well as on other occasions; — "I have never lost sight of the great object of the liberty of the subject at large." "I hope, within the fortnight, to congratulate your lordship and every true lover of liberty on the explicit declaration of a court of justice in favour of the liberty of the subject." Again, he showed an accurate perception of the nature and result of his labours when he said: — "*North Briton* and Wilkes will be talked of together by posterity, and the work is, I believe, the most just and animated account of last year's politics at home." "I have this cause at heart, and I feel the spirit of Hampden in it, but I have not his fortune." "Though the public fail me, I will never be wanting to them, and I shall have only to say at the end, *Il est grand, il est beau, de faire des ingrats.*" "I mean to lay the present age under a real obligation in the most darling cause to an Englishman; and, however I may suffer myself, the faithful historian's page and posterity will do me justice. There I keep my eye steadily fixed." He did more than write these words: he fulfilled his promise; and, because he had the courage to suffer many things, others have enjoyed greater freedom. Yet Earl Russell has stigmatised this man as utterly abandoned; and Lord Brougham styled him an "unprincipled adventurer," bent upon compassing his "vile ends!"

Lest it be said that he purposely wrote in a certain strain to Earl Temple, it may be well to quote from his private letters to his daughter. He had no grounds for disguising the truth from her. After Luttrell had been seated for Middlesex in 1770, he wrote: — "Lord Chatham was great on Tuesday. I have not yet been at either House, to avoid every pretence of a riot, or influencing their debates by a mob." During an excursion in 1772 he visited Torbay, landing at Brixham, which, he tells his daughter, is "the place where King William landed. I was ready to fall on my knees on the sacred spot; and could scarcely leave the holy steps on which he landed to rescue a wretched people from slavery."

and the Stuarts. I was provoked to find no pyramid, obelisk, nor the least public memorial, on such a spot; but I hope the memory of that event is engraven on the hearts of the people, who seem to me in that part of Devonshire very staunch to the cause of liberty." These expressions appear hyperbolic now, but they could be spoken in all sincerity a century ago. To a firm believer in monarchy, as Wilkes was, and to one who, at the same time, desired the freedom of the people, nothing could be more pleasing than the reflection that the Stuarts had been banished without the throne having been overturned. He was the reverse of a republican. Hence he could say with truth that he for one had never been a Wilkite. In the last of his public speeches he protested alike against an absolute monarchy and a republic, declaring his preference "for limited monarchy — a monarchy which is not above law, but is founded upon law, and secures freedom to the subject." Many who supported him thought that he had at heart the subversion of the constitution, whereas he always laboured in order that it might be preserved. The revolutionists of his day were to be found in the ranks of the ministry and on the steps of the throne. Had Wilkes succumbed they would have triumphed, and another battle would have been necessary in order to uphold the law in defiance of royal prerogative.

If it availed anything, it might be shown that as a scholar the position of Wilkes was high; that as a polished gentleman his superiority was acknowledged; that his fame as a wit was merited and wide-spread. But all his claims to the admiration of the public are now prejudged, owing to his having once successfully led the people and braved the ill-will of the sovereign. It is forgotten that not all his cleverness would have sufficed had his cause been less just. Whatever a man's ambition, and however extraordinary his talents, his impotence is soon manifested should he attempt to rouse Englishmen to resist constituted authority, if the authorities have right on their side. Wilkes blundered sadly when he anticipated that "the faithful historian's page and posterity" would do him justice. Towards such a man as he the historian is rarely impartial, and posterity is nearly always unfair. A politician who neither inherits a peerage, nor is ennobled before his death, is certain to be distrusted as an adventurer and reviled as a demagogue, even though he should have proved himself the faithful servant of the people and a true lover of his country. To dissociate the obnoxious

appellations from the name of Wilkes is a hopeless task; because, in order to succeed, it would be necessary to annihilate notions which men delight to cherish and resolutely defend when attacked. Those only who read the history of his times as it is written in the journals, diaries, and letters of contemporaries, can understand how great were his services to the State, and how shamefully they have been requited. No one possessing the requisite knowledge, and unbiassed by vulgar prejudices, will assert that John Wilkes was either presumptuous or mistaken in desiring that this simple yet honourable inscription should be engraven on his tombstone — "A friend to liberty."

W. F. RAE.

From The Economist.

THE CLASS FEELING OF IRISH TENANTS.

WHAT reason is there for placing the relations of Irish landlords and tenants on a different footing from those which exist in England? and to what extent should legislative alteration be carried? These questions must have been suggested to many people by the murders at Ballycohey. The tenants of Mr. Scully revolted at exceptionally hard treatment; they could hardly help thinking that to force on them a lease, permitting eviction at twenty-one days notice, and otherwise subjecting them to galling restrictions, really showed an intention to dispossess them if they would not be serfs. But the exclamation — "We might as well be dead as alive," and other circumstances, indicate an undercurrent of feeling with which we are not familiar. Starving men, if they feel they are oppressed, will always be dangerous, but Mr. Scully's tenants plainly thought they were not only oppressed but that some just right was interfered with. What this feeling among Irish tenants is has been frequently explained, but nowhere we think with such force or distinctness as in the second volume of Mr. Senior's *Journals and Conversations relating to Ireland*. The book is altogether remarkably entertaining and readable, and useful in this way — that it impresses on the reader the point of Irish difficulties. Mr. Senior has virtually acted like a self-constituted Select Committee on the state of Ireland, with the additional advantage of examining the witnesses on the spot, and his conversations present the telling parts of the evidence with more force than if embedded in the voluminous minutes of a Committee. The evidence he has collected on the Church question for instance — on the craving for equality among Irish

priests, the denial of which helps to make them disaffected and teach disaffection—is exceedingly important. But the land difficulty is the great one, after all—the one on which it is becoming most necessary to have sound information. The nature of the evidence then is to this effect—that the class feeling among Irish tenants is against permitting landlords to have anything to do with farms besides receiving rent. A landlord must not improve; he must not meddle with the land in any way; above all, he must not diminish the number of holdings or extent of ground held by tenants; he may evict for non-payment of rent, but the tenant should be compensated for any value he has put into the land. This is the feeling among the tenant class in Ireland, the bulk of the Irish population, and with this feeling legislation must deal. It is an unfortunate theory to hold and insist on with passion, and no one can hope much for the future of Ireland who does not look forward to its ultimate extinction; but the fact that the theory is held is to be recognised and acted on. It is useless forcing a different theory on a whole population, and you may convert opinion sooner by abolishing pretexts for grievance. Natural laws and circumstances will operate more quickly where prejudices are not offended.

This is the general reason for altering somewhat the Irish law of landlord and tenant. But before discussing it, we may show by a few extracts how strong the feeling is. The first passage we take is a conversation between the author and C. O., one of the Irish Poor-Law Inspectors, who had property in Tipperary:—

‘When I was a lad,’ said O., ‘I saw a good deal of a squireen, half farmer and half agent, who used to go out with me shooting and fishing. He was a man of strong sense and will, but hard character, and, both as landlord and as agent, did things which seemed to me harsh, and even oppressive.’

‘When he was dying he sent for me, and said: “I have long been connected with your family, I have received much kindness from them, and before I die I wish to tell you the means by which I have passed a long life engaged in the management of property in a disturbed district, without having ever been attacked, or even threatened. It was by knowing what I could do, and what I could not do, and that knowledge I will now give to you. You may let your land at its utmost value—you may require your rents to be paid—you may refuse to make any deduction for bad seasons—you may refuse to give your tenants any assist-

ance—you may distrain the cattle and seize the crops of those who do not pay—you may even evict them. These things the people are accustomed to—these things they will bear. But there is one thing which you must not do. You must not be what is called an improving landlord—you must not throw farms together—you must not add to your demesne; in short, you must not diminish the number or the extent of the holdings in your estate; there must be as much land left for tenants, and for as many tenants as there is now.”

‘In my neighbourhood this feeling exists no longer; there is more land than they want.’

‘Does it still prevail,’ I asked, ‘in any other part of Ireland?’

‘Certainly,’ answered O. ‘In many parts of the North, from whence there has been but little emigration, it is undiminished. Poor Bateson was beaten to death in Monaghan last summer, for having turned into a model farm two or three farms the tenants of which he had ejected.’

‘I remember,’ I said, ‘his nearly falling a victim to the resentment occasioned by somewhat similar conduct a dozen years ago.’

‘I can tell you another story of the same kind,’ said O., ‘and of a rather later date. An acquaintance of mine, a Mr. M., has a property in Tipperary. He wished to enlarge his demesne, by taking into it half-a-dozen acres near his gate. They were occupied by a tenant-at-will whose family had long held under the M’s. M. told his tenant what he wanted to do, and offered him 5*l.* an acre for the goodwill, and a better farm as soon as one became vacant. The tenant was delighted. “Sure,” he said, “it is your own, and we should have been happy to accommodate you without the goodwill!” Some months after, a farm fell in. It was much better than the one in question. M. offered it to his tenant, who was all gratitude. “Sure,” he said, “I never thought to have had such a fine farm.” M. therefore made his arrangements: pulled down his wall (every Irish park is surrounded by a high wall, partly for security and partly because paling would be stolen), and began to rebuild it so as to include the proposed addition. But the tenant showed no indications of removal. M. sent for him, and complained that the workmen were delayed. “Why, in truth,” said the tenant, “it is the old woman; she cannot bear to leave the old place.” — “Nonsense!” said M., “you should have told me this before—she will be better off in the new place. I will not hear such stuff. You are a man of sense—you can manage your wife. If you can’t, I think that I can. I shall go and talk to her, and tell her that she must be off in a week.” The tenant looked round to see that no one could overhear them. “In truth,” he said, “it is not the old woman, nor it is not me. It is the Boys.” “What Boys?” — “Why, the Boys all round, your honour. They won’t let me go. They say the demesne shan’t be made larger, and the tenants’ lands

smaller." M. is irritable and obstinate. "You must go," he said. "I can't," said the man, "it is as much as my life is worth." "Then I'll turn you out," said M. "Pray, don't do it," said the tenant; "I and mine have long lived under you and yours. Don't let me be the cause of mischief. You don't know what you are about."

M., however, persevered. He evicted the tenant, and enclosed the lands in the park. A little while after, while walking in his own plantation, he was fired at, and wounded, but not mortally. The assassin has not been detected.

The value of the above quotation is its record of personal experiences and illustrative facts. We may supplement it by a statement of the feeling itself, which Mr. Senior took from the mouth of his brother Edward, one of the Irish Poor-Law Commissioners in 1852. They had been speaking of sectarian animosity as an obstacle to intending residents in Ireland:—

'You would not fear, then,' I said, 'to buy more land in Ireland.'

'Mere political fears,' he answered, 'would not deter me, if I thought the investment sufficiently profitable. But the profit must be very great, for profit is the only motive for buying land here. In England, one may wish to live among one's tenants, to be useful to them, to enjoy the rank and position of a proprietor. These motives do not exist in Ireland, except in the case of a purchase on a very large scale. If I were to buy an estate of 500*l.* or 600*l.* a year in Ireland, I could not reside on it. I should find no society, I should be hated by my tenants, calumniated by the priest, and perhaps should expose my wife and children to danger, if I ever went out with them.

'Such at least, would be my fate, unless I consented to let the tenants have their own way, mismanage and sub-divide the land, and multiply into a swarm of wretched *prolétaires*.

'There are three ways,' he continued, 'of dealing with land in Ireland. One is the *laissez aller* system—to take the old rents, submit to the old arrears, and leave the tenants to themselves. It ruins the property, and it degrades the people, but it is the only popular one.

'Another is to exact as high rents as you can, and to require them to be punctually paid; but, subject thereto, to let the people treat the land as they like. This conduct is not popular, but it is tolerated; it is in fact expected.

'The third course is to stimulate the tenants by exacting the full value of the land, but to return to the land a large part of those rents in the form of roadmaking, drainage, limeburning, consolidation of farms, building houses, and the introduction of good breeding stock—in short, to be an improver.

'This is not tolerated. It may be done by an active agent well acquainted with the country

and the people, who knows how far he can venture in each particular case, and what are the precautions to be taken. Even to him it is a service of danger; but it is a danger which he foresees when he adopted that profession, and he runs it. I do not think that a stranger to the country, still less an Englishman, could do it; and I am sure the profit would not be worth the risk. If I were a purchaser, therefore, I should be an absentee. And then the question would arise, whether the profit on the investment were such as to tempt me to become the owner of an estate in which I must perform the duties of a landlord by deputy. It must be very great to tempt me.'

To the same effect in 1862 says a Mr. K., holding a living near Tyrone:—

'Will the tenants tolerate,' I asked, 'an improving landlord?'

'They would call improvements,' he answered, 'if incautiously done, oppressive; but, as long as the landlord does not evict—as long as he consolidates farms only on a death, and previously pays the tenant-right—they tolerate his improvements. But they tolerate them unwillingly—much more unwillingly than the raising of rents. The straightening of a mearing which takes half a perch of poor land from a tenant, though he is allowed something for the tenant-right, and has his rent proportionately diminished, is a matter of bitter complaint. Lord ———'s predecessors did nothing for their tenants. He is anxious to benefit them; but they were popular, while he is disliked—merely because, in making his improvements, he has been forced to alter mearings in the squaring of farms, to shift the occupiers to other farms, of equal or greater value, and, in some cases, to remove altogether sub-tenants and squatters.'

This objection to landlord interference is farther the principle of Ribbonism. Take the following conversation at Birr Castle, the residence of Lord Rosse, also in 1862:—

'There is nothing political or religious,' said L., 'in the Ribbon code. It is simply agrarian. It recognises the obligation on the part of the tenant to pay rent, but no other obligation. It resents all interference by the landlord in the use of the land. To throw farms together is an offence; to prevent subletting is an offence; to prevent the admission of lodgers is an offence. In fact, every act of ownership is an offence, and consequently all improvement; and it treats all accomplices as principals.

'The man who takes a farm from which another man has been evicted, or who buys a cow which has been distrained, is held as guilty as the evictor, or the distrainer.'

'Is every eviction,' I asked, 'an offence?'

'Not necessarily,' he answered. 'An eviction for non-payment of rent may be pardoned, if the tenant has been notoriously able to pay, and has refused to do so.'

'That is the theory,' said Lord Rosse. 'They always say that a man ought to pay his rent, and to submit to eviction if he make default. But the practice scarcely follows the theory. It is generally prudent on the part of the incoming tenant to buy out his predecessor. In fact, there is a constant endeavour to introduce tenant-right, a system which we always oppose, as it tends to make the tenant the real proprietor, and the landlord the owner of a mere ground-rent.'

With this compare the following remarks a few days later by Mr. W. S. Trench, the manager of Lord Lansdowne's and other estates in Kerry and King's and Queen's Counties:—

'The Irishman,' said Mr. Trench, 'murders patriotically. He murders to assert and enforce a principle—that the land which the peasant has reclaimed from the bog, the cabin which he has built, and the trees which he has planted, are his own, subject to the landlord's right, by law, to exact a rent for the results of another man's labour. In general he pays the rent, generally he exerts himself to pay it, even when payment is difficult to him. But he resolves not to be dispossessed. He joins a Ribbon lodge, and opposes to the combination of the rich, the combination of the poor.'

'He goes further: he asserts the right, not merely to occupy the land, but to deal with it as he thinks fit. He marries at eighteen a girl of seventeen, and subdivides ten acres among ten children. He refuses to allow farms to be thrown together, though both parties may desire it. He refuses to allow them to be squared. He refuses to allow land unfit for tillage to be turned into sheep walks. In short, he forbids improvement, and enforces, as far as he can, a system productive of general misery, famine, and pestilence. *But he does not know what he is doing.* He firmly believes that he is defending the rights and the interests of the poor against the tyranny and avarice of the rich.'

'The English murderer is instigated, not by any feeling of justice, or sympathy, or patriotism, but by base cupidity, or by malignity. He does not murder in defence of a cause or of a principle, but to gain some money to be spent in debauchery, or to revenge some offence against himself. The Irish convict is not necessarily corrupt—he may be reclaimed. The English convict is irreclaimable. If I had been born an Irish peasant, and had been brought up in the ignorance and in the prejudices of an Irish peasant, or taught as he has been, I should probably have been a Ribbonman myself.'

'I have never felt any vindictive feelings against those who have been for so many years conspiring against me. I am almost ashamed to say how much I have sympathised with them. I have often felt that what I was doing in the prevention of subletting and the prevention of subdivision, and for that purpose in forbidding two families to occupy one small house—in

ejecting men from farms which they had been encouraged by my predecessors to reclaim, but which, after the failure of the potato, could not produce any rent, or even subsistence, except in the lowest conditions of animal life—I was doing what must appear to them oppressive.'

We have quoted largely in order to convey the impression of the book as to the root of the Irish land difficulty. We might have quoted much more. There are passages, for instance, in which the interest of the priests in stimulating the popular sentiment is set forth. They may do so out of sympathy, and in order to retain their hold on the people; but they also prefer a numerous though poor population, marrying early and supplying abundant occasions for fees in their marryings, christenings, and burials, rather than a smaller and more comfortable class. But perhaps it is enough to show the popular sentiment itself; and that sentiment insists manifestly on only two points—the preservation undiminished of the tenant's domain, and the right of the tenant "to do what he likes with his own" if he only pays rent. The sentiment is the erroneous prejudice of a very ignorant class, which knows only one pursuit—agriculture,—which sees only a limited area for following it, and dreads anything that aggravates the existing intense competition. The absence of opposition to eviction *per se* is very significant. It is allowed for non-payment of rent, because the class is not injured, so long as the number of farms is undiminished and a new tenant is suffered to take the place of the evicted. What is objected to is all evictions emanating in an improving spirit. The murders at Ballycohey are too exceptional in their circumstances to illustrate the feeling well; individual suffering apprehended might have caused the same result anywhere among an ignorant and excitable people; but if Mr. Scully's intention had been to improve he could hardly have escaped resistance, however cautiously he had acted. It is the same idea that the land is their only living which makes the tenants so anxious to farm as they please and not as the landlords please. To permit the landlord's interference would seem a recognition of his right to do more than receive rent, and thus nullify the tenant's own idea of his position. The evil of subletting has been largely checked for many years, but it is a logical outcome of the popular view—that the land is for the tenant class to live upon subject only to an indefinite rent.

If this is a true account of the state of feeling—and it is a reasonable account, confirmed by much other evidence—one

conclusion is obvious. Heroic remedies are unsuitable. You will clearly gain nothing by making present tenants holders in perpetuity, seeing that public opinion does not object to eviction. You will only facilitate that subletting and injurious parceling of the land which landlords have gradually been able to check, and are at length, in their contest with popular feeling, allowed to check. But it is equally plain that Irish law should differ from English law; and how it should do so is also indicated in part. There is a fair case for legislating to compensate tenants for improvements, whatever else may be done. Here it is the landlords who direct the cultivation of their farms and make improvements; but in Ireland they can only do so in the teeth of the popular sentiment and customs which leave these things to the occupier. It may be said that giving compensation for improvements will not soothe popular sentiment or lead to the full popular recognition of all other landlord rights, but there is some evidence that it will go a long way. The compensation will diminish much of the irritation which arises from the idea that the landlord has unjust powers. To a tenant who has spent money on a farm, and who lives among a class believing that he only had a right to do so, it is a manifest and flagrant wrong to be dispossessed suddenly at the mere will of a landlord. It would mitigate his sense of injustice could an independent tribunal assess the compensation to which he is entitled. The amount of compensation will be difficult of adjustment, for the Irish tenant has extravagant notions as to how he should be paid, but an approximation to what he believes his just right will be better than nothing—above all if settled by an arbitrator in whom he can have some confidence. And if the tribunal is set to work on very fair principles, even its justice may in time be acknowledged by the tenant class. The notion of such a tribunal occurred to Mr. Senior, and he discussed it with Lord Rosse, who was not however very hopeful, thinking that harm would be done by encouraging the ignorant notions of the Irish tenant class; but there is a good deal of evidence to a contrary effect, showing that a Bill like Mr. Chichester Fortescue's might accomplish the desired end.

It is one advantage of the plan of compensation to tenants that it leaves untouched the opportunity of improving landlords, to whose action we must look for a permanent change in the condition of Ireland. Perhaps it will improve their opportunity, tenants tolerating them more readily when

they are made safer themselves by law. At all events, the mitigation of popular discontent will give time for these influences to work, which must teach even Irish tenants better political economy. It is probable that with small holdings not increasing, the tenant class will rise, as it is doing already in the social scale, and will appreciate better the value of improved agriculture. Landlord interference for the sake of improvements may thus also become more tolerable. To go upon a different principle and stereotype Ireland as it is by heroic remedies appears to be as unnecessary to meet the sentiment of the class affected as it would be fatal to the whole future of the country.

From The Evening Post, 19 Sept.

THE steamer Hermann, which arrived here this morning, brings foreign files to the 8th of September, with the following account of the solar eclipse, as observed by one of the German astronomers at Aden, in Arabia, and by him communicated to the *London Times*:

THE GREAT ECLIPSE.

The only astronomers and photographers that have come to Aden are all Germans; three of them, Dr. Weiss, Navigating Lieutenant Rhea, and another gentleman, are Austrians. Their chief object was to make observations on the constitution of the corona. From the observations taken by these gentlemen there can be no doubt that the problem is now solved, *several varied experiments proving in a most conclusive manner that the corona merely consists of inflammable gas in a high state of combustion*. The North German party consisted of one astronomer, Dr. Thiel, of Bremen, and four Prussian photographers working under the direction of Dr. Fritsch, of Berlin. This party devoted their attention chiefly to photographing the various phases of the eclipse, having selected Aden as the most likely spot in the zone of "totality" to be free from clouds.

Several English amateurs, officers of the army and navy, also contributed their help in recording various experiments according to their respective abilities.

The weather for a week preceding the eventful 18th had been unusually cloudy for Aden, and prevented the *savants* who had arrived in the beginning of August from making as many observations as they would have wished. The mornings had

been particularly trying, the sun rising between thick banks of purple gray clouds.

On the evening of the 17th almost all the rank and fashion of Aden made an exodus to Marshag Hill, the eastern promontory of Aden, where the German party were established with all their instruments. The night was very cloudy, and much anxiety was felt by all interested in the success of the observations. At gray dawn, however, and just before first contact, the banks of clouds separated into broad bands, occasionally shutting out a view of the eclipse. Totality commenced at 6h. 29m. 28s. A. M., and lasted 2m. 55s., during which interval a most magnificent view of the phenomena was obtained and four most successful photographs were taken.

The only planets and stars observed during the totality were Venus, Jupiter, and Sirius, which at once shows that the darkness was not great.

At the time of totality the height of the tide was seven and one-quarter feet, or for Aden a good average spring tide. The preceding spring tides (about a fortnight before) were very bad, the rise and fall not being more than four feet.

On first separation a most beautifully soft light stole out from behind the moon, lighting up the sea and rocks of Aden in an indescribably beautiful manner.

The sun was unfortunately behind a cloud at the final separation, which could not be, therefore, determined within a second of time. The times were of:

	H.	M.	S.
Totality,	6	29	28
First separation,	6	32	23
Totality,	0	2	55

The German party were delighted with all their experiments, and consider themselves amply repaid for their trouble. They had most superb instruments, and were particularly civil and obliging in explaining their use, mechanism, &c. Among the most interesting was a photographing telescope, which is made self-acting by means of a most ingenious clock-work mechanism, which, with the help of a simple pendulum and endless wheel, is so delicately adjusted as to counteract the motion of the earth and to keep the telescope rigidly fixed on the star or planet during the ten or fifteen seconds required to receive the impression.

The corona was accurately measured by means of a telescope with small squares in the diaphragm. These valves can be exactly determined by experiments with the

same telescope in the distance between known stars, which can be brought to scale.

From The Economist, 5 Sept.

A PARCEL POST.

MR. CHADWICK, to whose suggestion the addition of the working of telegraphs to the business of the Post Office is partly due, has come forward to urge another addition to the business of the department. Besides forwarding our letters and telegraphic messages, the Post Office he thinks might take charge of small parcels, accommodating the public in this as in other matters by low and uniform charges irrespective of distance. The suggestion has been made at various times more or less effectively, but in a recent letter published in the *Journal* of the Society of Arts Mr. Chadwick fully sets forth his reasons and describes how the plan might work. The question deserves some attention, and perhaps has a chance of getting it at the present time, when the Post Office is undertaking new duties and people are awake to the principles on which it does so.

The tenor of the argument for a parcel post is manifestly the same as that for the postal working of the telegraphs. "The public," says Mr. Chadwick, "having an establishment for the collection and distribution of letters of some twelve thousand postal stations, and of twenty-five thousand persons, has the right, and ought for economy, to utilise that great establishment for the collection and distribution of any other matter within its capacity." This was exactly what was said for the telegraphs. The machinery of the Post Office enabled it to supply facilities for the collection and distribution of telegraphic messages with which private telegraph companies could not compete. And the argument that the existing work of the Post Office will be better done by increasing its functions, especially of a similar kind, is also applicable here. Mr. Scudamore insisted very strongly on the superiority of the class who could be got to act as postmasters in country districts, with every addition to their duties and consequent addition to their pay. The only questions are whether the conveyance of parcels will be an analogous duty, and whether there is sufficient promise of public advantage. But on both points we think there can be no doubt. The book and pattern post is already a species of parcel post, and the proposal is only to extend to all articles the facilities granted to a few, with the farther facility of a still lower charge.

People who are partial to the extreme doctrine of private enterprise assert that the Post Office goes too far in carrying parcels even as it now does; but on general principles there is no reason for carrying letters or telegraphic messages which does not apply to parcels. The interchange of small articles is a part of those "communications" which promote the comfort and convenience and welfare of society; and the book post practically demonstrates that no other agency for their collection and distribution is so effective or convenient as a postal establishment. The case is just one where a national agency may intervene to equalise facilities throughout the country, performing in many cases more service than private persons could, and in no cases, or at least very few, performing less.

It might be a practical difficulty in establishing the parcel post, though Mr. Chadwick does not allude to it, that certain private businesses will be interfered with. Railways carry parcels, and there are parcel companies, but the Post Office will beat them all out of the field. At the worst, however, this would only give a claim for compensation, though in strict right, in a country where the principle is unlimited competition, there ought to be no compensation merely because the Government, that is the whole community, becomes a competitor in a particular business. It cannot be urged, at all events, that railways have so encouraged traffic as to entitle them to complain of threatened rivalry.

The uniform tariff proposed by Mr. Chadwick is twopence per pound—a halfpenny per quarter of a pound—and this, as a rule, will be cheaper than any parcel tariff in existence. It is half the present tariff by book post, and quarter the tariff for the pattern post. If the thing can be worked so as not to cause loss to the department—and we believe the opinion of the Post-Office authorities is that it can—the advantage to the public is apparent. The wants that will be supplied, the small conveniences furnished, which taken altogether amount to a great deal, will be infinite. Mr. Chadwick says:—"A son in place in London sends to his mother, by postage stamps or money order, a portion of his wages, and she in return might send him some piece of her own work—a pair of stockings, or some socks, or a comforter"—some small thing which would not bear the expense of the pattern post. But there are multitudes of other transactions between town residents and the country. Every person in the country may order from the Metropolis, or from towns, on his own account, articles which

it would not pay to get sent as parcels or patterns under existing arrangements. Those especially whose business is in the Metropolis, and who live in one of the cities more or less distant, which are virtually a part of it, will have a carrier to their hand in the Post Office with which no existing agency can compare. The book post has done much already to cut up the provincial book trade, but not without advantage to the buyers of books, and similar results will follow the extension of similar or greater privileges to other articles.

There are two practical difficulties which will be urged. A *halfpenny* parcel rate can hardly fail to interfere with the postal revenue; every letter will be called a parcel; and possibly it may be expedient to make the minimum charge a penny, except in the case of printed matter sent in an open cover, about which there can be no mistake that it is not a written letter. This would allow a halfpenny charge for circulars, and so remove some grievance that is undoubtedly felt in consequence of the present postal monopoly. But these are matters of detail, and a regulation as to the mode of making up parcels may suffice to prevent evasion. The other practical objection is—and railway companies say this already of the book and pattern post—that the Post Office will be overwhelmed with work, and letters will be delayed that parcels may be delivered. But this again is a matter of regulation and detail. The public should rather gain even as to their letters by the increase of mails and deliveries as the business of the Post Office increases. Altogether we believe there is no good theoretical or practical objection to a parcel post on the plan proposed, which we trust will soon be carried out. The advantage to be derived may be less than from the State working of the telegraphs, but it is great enough to authorise a little agitation on the part of the public which is to gain. The Government and the Post-Office authorities are not likely to be remiss if public opinion supports them.

From The N. Y. Evening Post, 19 Sept.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES.

THE *Herald* prints some interesting information in relation to the expedition of Captain Hall in search of traces of Sir John Franklin. The information is furnished by Dr. Goold, of Dublin, who has been during the past two years in the Polar regions:

"Dr. Goold arrived at New London, Ct., a few days since, on board a whaling ship, from Cumberland Inlet, and states that in

August, 1867, he spent some time with Mr. Hall, who was then at Repulse Bay. Mr. Hall has traced the fate directly of two of the last survivors of Sir John Franklin's party, and has obtained valuable information regarding the relics and some records reported by the natives to have been left by the lost expedition in King William's Land. Captain Hall learned from some of the Esquimaux, in 1866, that about two years prior to that time Captain Crozier and one of the Franklin crew had died in the neighborhood of Southampton Island, while endeavoring to make their way to that place, in the belief that they would be there able to meet a whaler to convey them back to England, or, in fact, anywhere, to escape from their Arctic prison.

"Captain Hall is confident of the identity of Captain Crozier with one of the men so described to have perished, as the natives not only gave Captain Crozier's name, but were in possession of certain articles that belonged to him and to his companion. Mr. Hall obtained from these Esquimaux Captain Crozier's watch, a gold chronometer, made by Arnold & Dent, of London, besides some small articles of silver, and trinkets belonging to their outfit. These relics Mr. Hall now holds, and they have been seen and handled by Dr. Goold. Captain Crozier's companion, who died with him, is believed to have been a steward of either the Erebus or Terror, as the natives say he was a server of food, but could not recollect his name.

"The natives also state that they have among them, near Southampton Island, a piece of gold lace and a piece of gold bullion which belonged to Captain Crozier, and is believed to have formed part of one of his epaulettes. They also stated that a number of others had started with Captain Crozier from a place very far north to reach Southampton Inlet, but had perished one by one on the way. They had been passed from one band of Enewits to the other, and when Captain Crozier had passed through two tribes the natives say all further traces were lost, but Captain Hall himself traced the remainder there. Captain Hall also says: 'The opinion most entertained is that the natives killed them.' They say themselves there was no difficulty in Captain Crozier getting through, because he was accounted among the natives a first-rate hunter for that country, and could at all times keep himself in food.

"The records which Captain Hall hopes to be able to secure are in King William's hand, and considerable difficulty is anticipated in the effort to reach them. Accord-

ing to native information the last six survivors built a cairn or rude vault of stones on the rocks, and deposited within it some documents and such articles as they had no further use for, or would have been an encumbrance on their journey. For some time past King William and his tribe have been hostile towards the native followers of King Albert, who inhabit the region about Repulse Bay, where Mr. Hall was quartered, and would allow no incursions into their country. The place where this cairn is described to be situated is about four hundred and fifty miles northward from Repulse Bay; and in order to reach it Captain Hall has formed an alliance with Albert and his people, and, together with his own escort of Europeans, was preparing an expedition of about ninety persons to march in quest of the records.

"It was Mr. Hall's intention to start in February or March of this year, and he had already accumulated supplies of provisions and other necessities for the purpose. His force will consist of five Caucasians besides himself, and the remainder would be composed of Alfred's men. Of the whites accompanying him two were Irishmen, one German, one Englishman, and one Swede, all of whom were recruited by him from the crew of the Pioneer, which was wrecked in the summer of 1867 at King's Cape. These men are all armed with revolvers and shot guns, and it was mainly through reliance on the Europeans and their weapons that the Albert men were induced to participate in the incursion. Alone they would be unable to cope with King William's forces, who number about two hundred, and could be assembled in a month.

"Captain Hall would offer no molestation to King William's people, but, if opposed, would give them battle if necessary, as he was determined to obtain the records of the last explorers if possible. He would be accompanied also by 'Joe' and 'Hannah,' the two Esquimaux or Enewits who, it will be remembered, were a few years ago educated in this country and exhibited in this city. 'Joe' and 'Hannah' are man and wife, and now form part of Captain Hall's retinue or household, affording him valuable assistance through their knowledge of the English language in communicating with the various tribes of natives, with whose dialects and peculiarities they are familiar. The entire distance it was expected would have to be traversed on sledges drawn by dogs, of which useful motive-power Mr. Hall has an abundant stock.

"It was Mr. Hall's determination, if successful in finding the cairn, and no un-

foreseen circumstances or obstacles intervened, to press still further forward, and if possible reach the open Polar Sea, and perhaps return by way of Behring Strait. If impeded he expected to return from his expedition to King William's Land about September of 1868, and take up his quarters for the winter at Repulse Bay. Last year he wintered in this locality, and at the time Dr. Goold saw him was in 66 degrees 28 minutes north latitude, and longitude 81 degrees 5 minutes west."

From The Transcript, 30 Sept.

CAPT. HALL AND THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.

THE accounts received from Captain Hall of the information he has obtained from the Esquimaux in regard to the fate of a portion of the survivors of the Franklin Expedition are deeply interesting, and if true, reveal an amount of endurance on the part of Europeans of the rigors of the Arctic climate unparalleled in the history of expeditions to that inhospitable region. It will be recollected that Captain McClintock found, in May, 1859, on King William's Land, the record left by the Franklin Expedition, stating that Sir John Franklin was dead, that the *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22d of April, 1848, and that the officers and crew, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain Crozier, were to start on the 26th for Back's Fish River. Traces of that march along the west coast of King William's Land were found by McClintock, and a skeleton lying upon its face testified to the truth of the remark of an old Esquimaux woman "that they fell down and died as they walked along." This record is all the direct intelligence ever received from the expedition. Dr. Rae obtained information from the Esquimaux near Pelly Bay, in April, 1854, of the fate of the party under Captain Crozier, which, in connection with the character of the country they were traversing, convinced him that they perished from starvation. This conviction was strengthened by information obtained by Mr. James Anderson from the natives near the mouth of Fish River, in July, 1855, and by Captain McClintock from the natives at King William's Land, in 1859. So that the most experienced Arctic naval authorities in England were satisfied that none of the missing navigators could be living. Still it was possible some might be living with the Esquimaux, and it was to settle this question and to rescue such unfortunate persons that Captain C. F. Hall started on his travels.

On the 10th of December, 1864, he wrote a letter from the West End of Rowe's Welcome, a strait between Southampton Island and the main land, in the north part of Hudson's Bay, that he had received information from the Esquimaux that some time previous to 1854 an Indian, while engaged in sealing, saw four white men not far from Pelly Bay, one of whom he recognized as Crozier, having seen him before. Crozier was nothing but skin and bones, nearly starved to death, while the others were fat, having been living on the flesh of their companions who escaped from the vessels, which Crozier would not eat. The Esquimaux took care of the men, and gradually Crozier gained flesh and strength. They lived some time with the Indians in the neighborhood, and having guns and plenty of ammunition, they killed a great many ducks and other birds. At length, Crozier and two men, one having died, left the Indians, who had been kind to them, and started for the white men's country, taking a southerly direction. The Indians had heard nothing from them since, but they did not believe they were dead. Such is the substance of Captain Hall's letter.

Dr. Goold, who had recently arrived from Cumberland Inlet, states that he saw Captain Hall in August, 1867, at Repulse Bay, which is in the immediate neighborhood of Southampton Island and that part of Rowe's Welcome where Captain Hall wrote the letter above referred to. He says that Captain Hall learned from some Esquimaux that Captain Crozier and one of the Franklin crew died in the neighborhood of Southampton Island in 1864, while endeavoring to make their way to that place in the hope of meeting a whaler to convey them home. Captain Hall had obtained Captain Crozier's watch and some articles of silver and trinkets. From the above it will be seen that Captain Crozier left the Indians in the neighborhood of Pelly Bay before 1854, and died in the neighborhood of Southampton Island in 1864, spending ten or more years in making a journey which Dr. Rae accomplished in seventeen days. Ten years of wanderings terminated by death within sight of the shore which was to afford him the means of rescue!

This is a sad story enough, and one cannot help hoping that it is founded on incorrect information. It is certainly very strange that if Crozier and his companions had spent considerable time in the neighborhood of Pelly Bay previous to 1854, Dr. Rae, who visited the place in the spring of that year, should have heard nothing of them, the natives informing him that they had not seen

any white men. And it is also strange that if Crozier died in the neighborhood of Southampton Island in 1864, Capt. Hall, who was near there that year, should not have heard of it through the natives at the time he wrote his letter from Rowe's Welcome in December. But it is idle to speculate. Dr. Goold says that Capt. Hall intended to visit King William's Land, and it is to be hoped that on his way he will be able to gain such additional information as will confirm the truth of his story, or disprove it altogether. That he will find any record on King William's Land is very doubtful, as Captain McClintock has searched that island very thoroughly, and brought away all that was found. As for "King William" and his force of two hundred, they are the creatures of somebody's imagination. M.

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES FOUGHT AGAINST SISERA.

THAT the Emperor of France was surprised and disappointed at the result of the remarkable seven weeks' campaign of Prussia against Austria, in 1866, was very well known, for he was unable to conceal his mortification and embarrassment. That he had intrigued with Italy against the interests of Prussia was suspected, soon after Sadowa; but it is only recently that the precise nature and the extent of this intrigue have been revealed, in the course of a quarrel between General La Marmora, who lost the battle of Custoza, and the Prussian Count Ussedom, who was in 1866 envoy in Italy.

It seems now to be established upon good authority that La Marmora, who was in 1866 President of the Italian Cabinet and Minister for Foreign Affairs, most treacherously revealed to Napoleon the whole Prussian plan of campaign, and acted, in the management of the Italian part of the war, under the instruction of Napoleon, and with a bad faith towards Prussia, the ally of Italy, which ought to make his name odious throughout Europe.

Napoleon, it seems, could not openly withstand Bismarck; but with characteristic cunning, and that cynical disregard of human life which the Napoleons imagine to be statesmanship, he prepared to benefit himself by the war, in which, he believed, with the aid of the traitor La Marmora, he could so manage, without taking any open part, as to cause Prussia to be crippled and laid at his mercy.

The Prussian plan of campaign, communicated to Prussia's ally Italy, contemplated a decisive and determined attack upon Austria, in which the Italian armies were to march directly upon the Austrian capital,

and perform by energetic movements the only useful service which such a distant detachment could give — namely, to prevent a concentration of *all* the Austrian armies against the Prussians at the decisive moment.

What Napoleon did, was to instruct La Marmora to deceive the Prussians, to fight *and lose* the battle of Custoza; and this done, to do nothing more. Napoleon's calculation was, that the Prussians would be fatally embarrassed by this defeat and inaction of the Italians; that the Austrians would be able to concentrate all their armies against the Prussians; that the war would thus be protracted, and both parties to it exhausted; and then he was to play the part of mediator, and demand as his reward the surrender of territory to the Rhine. He meantime promised Venice to Italy, in any case.

But the decisive battle of Sadowa totally broke down this well-planned piece of treachery. The Prussians, by their military genius, daring and fine soldiery, achieved alone that which they had expected to do only with the help of Italy. Sadowa placed the Austrian capital as completely at the mercy of the Prussians as though La Marmora had been an honest man; and Napoleon, to his dismay and chagrin, found that his unscrupulous cunning only brought him what he must have felt a double defeat. "The stars in their courses fought" against him.

It is easy to see that this story of La Marmora's treachery, and of Napoleon's unscrupulous use of Italy to her own disgrace, will not increase the number of the French Emperor's friends in Europe, or make his reign pleasanter. The Italians, who came out of the war of 1866 disgraced and humbled, will hate with a bitter hatred the French Emperor, who arranged beforehand their defeat and disgrace. The Prussians, who now see that Napoleon, by a singular act of treachery, planned their defeat, will not hate him the less that his plan was itself defeated, and that they escaped the trap he had prepared for them.

It begins to look as though Napoleon had lived too long. He is getting found out. His treachery, his dishonesty, his readiness to benefit by the disasters of others, have been exposed so often, that men begin to see him in his true colors — to see what an arrant knave and cheat he is. But they see more; for they see him defeated at every turn, in Mexico and in Germany, and exposed thus to the contempt which justly overtakes a detected and defeated rogue.

N. Y. Evening Post, 26 Sept.

From The Examiner.

DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

THE ghost of the Mexican Expedition, which caused such dismay among believers in Napoleonic statecraft, is not yet laid. A few days ago another stormy debate on that apparently inexhaustible subject took place in the Corps Législatif, on which occasion the members of the Imperial Cabinet received some hard hits which they were wholly unable to parry. The revelations made in the book of M. de Kératry have powerfully told upon public opinion in France, and all that the Minister could do by way of refutation was to call the author "*ce monsieur*."

The documentary evidence furnished by M. de Kératry is interesting. But it will probably pale before the astounding revelations which we are told will be contained in a new work, entitled 'History of the Intervention,' about to be published under the sanction of the Mexican Government and Congress. It is to appear in four languages simultaneously, Spanish, French, English, and German. Its author, a free-minded Frenchman who has stood faithful to the cause of Mexican independence and self-government against the vainglorious Bonapartist policy, is in possession of upwards of a thousand documents of the greatest importance, which have not yet been published nor even alluded to, whilst they are calculated to throw a lucid light on the more occult doings of the French Court, on the relations between the Archduke Maximilian and Louis Napoleon, on the influence of the Empress Charlotte, on the attitude of the Holy See towards the Imperial Court of Mexico, on Maximilian's financial operations, and so forth. The appearance of this work will no doubt inflict another heavy blow on the prestige of Napoleonism. Well may England congratulate herself that she had the wisdom to withdraw at an early hour from an enterprise so deeply fraught with disastrous consequences to all concerned. The Federal Government of the Mexican States has never for a moment, during the foreign invasion, ceased to struggle against the aggressor. Its efforts, thanks to the energy and perseverance of President Juarez, and thanks also to the favour of circumstances, were at last crowned with success. Even those who believed for awhile in the possibility of a Franco-Austrian Empire on Mexican soil, and who were ready to condone the acts of terror by which it was to be established for sake of the benefits which they thought would accrue to the cause of order and prosperity, must now see that they made a

great mistake. If order and prosperity are to be promoted in Mexico, it can only be done by fortifying that form of government on which the nation has evidently set its heart. Practical men will agree on this point with the adherents of principle.

It is to be deplored, under these circumstances, that international relations have not yet been restored between England and Mexico. Lord Stanley indeed, in his recent reply to Mr. Kinglake's interpellation, declared that our Government are ready to agree to a reconciliation, but he added that the offer must come from Mexico, "not from us." He acknowledged that the Republican Government had right on its side when it chose to consider the recognition of the Empire as an act of hostility, but he thinks it imprudent on the part of that Government to keep harping on its right. He therefore says that England will simply wait until the Government of Mexico shall approach her with a proposal for the resumption of diplomatic relations.

The Foreign Secretary does not sufficiently take into account the position in which the Mexican Republic is placed. Naturally, the theory of its rulers, defenders, and adherents has always been, that the invasion was a mere incident; that the Government of the Republic, founded on the free suffrages of the people, was the only legal one; and that there is, consequently, no solution of "continuity" in the existence of their democratic commonwealth. This theory is supported by reason as well as by fact. Every Government which, in a struggle continued without intermission, has succeeded in repelling a foreign invasion, would act, we presume, as President Juarez has done. He declares that the Republic never broke off diplomatic relations with the European Powers, but that several of these Powers broke off relations with the Republic, making war upon it and acknowledging the so-called Empire. If these Powers now desire to resume relations of amity, it is clearly for them to take the first step, in reparation. If the Republican Government were to take the first step, it might, in a certain sense, be held to imply a recognition of the Empire of Maximilian during the time of the invasion. "This," President Juarez practically says, "we cannot do. We must uphold the theory of the legal continuity of the republican form of government—a theory which is in accordance with facts. Such a procedure is for us a safeguard against reactionary intrigues; and that safeguard we shall not throw away."

This view, we may here add, has the de-

cided support, not only of the German Press in general, among which the *Rheinische Zeitung* has spoken out most clearly, but even of the Liberal Austrian Press. It might be expected that the fate of Maximilian would induce Austrian journals to be rather severe against the Mexican Republic. But the fact is that papers like the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, a Liberal organ of the most extensive circulation, and one which exercises great influence even beyond the frontiers of Austria, acknowledge in the strongest terms that the procedure of the Mexican Government is the only one which it could possibly take without dereliction of national dignity. We speak of articles that have appeared since the reply to Mr. Kinglake's interpellation was given by Lord Stanley. Now, when the Austrian Press maintains such views, we think the English Government might make the first step towards a reconciliation without fear for its own dignity. In the interest of trade and commerce the re-establishment of a regular intercourse ought not to be delayed any longer.

From The Examiner.

Recollections of My Life. By Maximilian I., Emperor of Mexico. Bentley.

In the Midsummer of 1851, Maximilian started on his first sea-voyage. "I was glad," he says, "to realise my much-longed-for desire. Accompanied by several acquaintances, I put off from the dearly-loved shore of Africa. This moment was one of great excitement to me, for it was the first time I confided myself to the sea for a long trip. We dashed rapidly through the waves, and already, at about a quarter past seven (July 30th), amidst the strains of the national hymn, we went on board the frigate *Novara*, our future floating palace, of which the name itself was a good omen to every Austrian."

Throughout the first volume of these 'Recollections' we are treated only to the visits of the Prince to Italy, Andalusia, and Granada. Nothing of a political kind is found in this volume in the way of reference, opinion, or incident. It is simply a most interesting record, a "diary," of Maximilian's pleasure-trip in days when the shadows of his future throne could cast no gloom on his imagination; but when, surrounded by his friends, he opened his heart to free enjoyment and his mind to intelligent observation. Few tourists, if we may apply the word to such a traveller, have contributed to the press so admirable a di-

gest of their 'Recollections' as this Prince. Written with no apparent purpose of producing effect, or even with the design of publication, the literary merit of the work is very considerable. We meet with descriptions which are vivid, reflections which are simple but ardent, and an acquaintance with several branches of art which, perhaps, the majority of readers had hardly been led to expect from Maximilian. We should say, for example, that Naples has seldom been better described, nor Pisa, Pompeii, Lucca, Baia, and Capri. Those who have visited these places will recognise at once that no unskilled or unfamiliar hand has touched these modest yet artistic pictures. But the author seems especially to delight in describing works of art, and to excel in the description. After wandering through the Pitti gallery at Florence, he notes down in his diary, with regard to a picture of the First Napoleon, whose soul the artist had depicted as in hell:

The Pisans recognise with delight the head of Napoleon in hell in one of them, and this is but natural; it is characteristic of mankind to condemn the hated fallen enemy, and to rejoice over his disgrace; one does not risk anything by it, for he has become harmless. As long as the Pisan hell-figure was called Roi d'Italie, there was not gold enough to be found to represent the nimbus in his apotheosis; but the god of the day fell from the heavens, and the holy light was converted into the glow of hell. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

And, again, in speaking of the necessary influence of religious belief on art, he says:

Constantinople had fallen before the sword of Mohammed. Græco-Byzantine art and philosophy and the rich sciences of the East found a home in Italy, through the luxurious spirit of the Medici, which in its turn conferred splendour on their new dynasty. The tiara was borne by a Medici, and the hitherto forgotten treasures of Rome were wedded to Greek recollections, which brought forth a new epoch in art, the Mythologico-Christian. The Lord's Supper was celebrated in the Temple: Venus got the same court-rank as the God-mother. It was in harmony with such a state of things to blend the customs of antiquity with those of modern times, and call this philosophy. But from this resulted an unsatisfied Ideal. Men discovered that the gods of antiquity only represented men; and the pride of the senses which first produced great things in art and science, took possession of the heart, and laid in it the germ of atheism. The very princes believed themselves to be a kind of divinity, needing no longer to be afraid of the old God. They nursed religion only as a convenient state institution for their subjects. In France Francis I. was the chief supporter of the worship of the Syrens,

round which he attempted to throw a nimbus by the arts of Italy. Catherine di Medici was too zealous in the service of Aphrodite, and Louis XIV. Jupiterised himself entirely. A vanity that could be satisfied, vanity and the apotheosis of sensuality, became the philosophy of rulers. These ideas soon descended to the people, and were fed by their rulers and celebrated in their songs, and finally had their chief representative in Voltaire. France saved Italy partly by concentrating these ideas in herself; but she had to pay for this glory with her blood. The tombs of the Medici produce thoughts of a very cold and terrible kind.

We find but passing allusions in this volume to any of the royal persons whom modern revolutions rendered illustrious, at least by circumstance if not in character. At Naples Maximilian met King Ferdinand, of whom perhaps he might be supposed to be thinking when, in another part of his diary, he wrote: "It is only when a man either does deeds, or resists a progressive development, that his name is noted down in the books of Clio."

A tall strong man, with short cropped hair and beard, and with a laced three-cornered hat, received us; my good genius whispered to me that it was the King. Indeed, it must have been a higher revelation, for I had imagined King Ferdinand to be a different man. His figure still floated before me indistinctly, as I saw him fifteen years ago in Vienna, when he was a young man of twenty-six years of age. Now, to be sure, he was forty-one, but, from his appearance, one would have taken him for a man considerably above fifty; so much has the destroying power of the South and the influence of the years of revolution worked upon him. Later, when I had an opportunity of examining him more closely, I recognised the features of his youth, but his fine black hair had turned grey and his face had become wrinkled. He wore the rather plain uniform of one of his regiments of Grenadiers, which he prefers, I was told, to all others since the revolution. The riband of the Austrian Order of St. Stephen was hanging over his shoulder. He received me in the most friendly manner, and conducted me directly to the Queen.

Elsewhere he describes the eldest son of the King, the present Francis II., who was then but fifteen years of age. "The poor young man is very timid; which may arise partly from the manner in which he is educated. He is kept out of the world that he may remain child-like." A curious observation also is to be found, about this date, to the effect that two things struck Maximilian principally during his visit to the docks and arsenal of Naples—"the great profusion of galley-slaves, dressed in red, who meet you on all sides, rattling their heavy chains, and the numberless portraits

and busts of the King." We can appreciate the satirical remark of Maximilian on this odd conjuncture: "I do not like to see, during a monarch's lifetime, monuments everywhere erected to him, out of base flattery."

In the second part of the introductory volume we find our traveller in Andalusia; and, at first, a minute description of the Cathedral of Seville, and, afterwards, one of the Cathedral of Granada, occupy considerable space. Then we take a sudden leap into a wholly different kind of entertainment; and we wish that space would permit us to transcribe at length a magnificent description of a genuine bull-fight, which the Prince had the fortune (or ill-fortune) to witness, for the first time in his life, at Seville. But we must content ourselves with merely giving his after-thoughts, some of which will at least be easily comprehended by every English reader. "How the feelings of a man can be changed," says the Prince, "in so short a space as a quarter of an hour! On entering, I felt uneasy, and very uncomfortable; and now a mania for the bloody spectacle possessed me." And again: "The spectator's nature is soon changed; his original nature is awakened; wild passion gains the mastery, and he is annoyed when the bull does not succeed in his deadly thrust, when phases of the fight are not steeped deep enough in blood." All this one can perfectly comprehend; but there follows a passage which will shock the tender susceptibilities of not a few of those discerning critics who draw a very wide distinction between taking a personal and hazardous part in cruel sport, and merely assisting as a neutral spectator at a risk incurred by others:

I love such festivals, in which the original nature of man comes out in its truth; and much prefer them to the enervating, immoral entertainments of other luxurious and degenerate countries. Here bulls perish, there heart and soul sink in a weak, sentimental frivolity. I do not deny it, I love the olden time! not that of the last century, where, amidst hair-powder and insipid idyls, men glided over a false paradise down the yawning abyss. No! the time of our ancestors, when chivalrous feeling was developed in the tournaments, when vigorous women did not ask for their smelling-bottle at every drop of blood, nor feigned a swoon, when the wild boar and bear were hunted in the open forest, and not as now, behind barricades; this was a vigorous time which brought forth strong children. What remains to us of this heritage of the manly amusements of our fathers? Perhaps the hunt? No! We call ourselves hunters, but we send from a secure distance a killing bullet into the half-tamed boars. It is only war, which

philanthropy cannot abolish, notwithstanding their thirty years' exertions; and two sports have been preserved in two nations, which have not yet degenerated. The first sport is the fox-hunt in England, in which man exposes himself to dangers worthy of himself, nor recoils before any obstacle; and if it be said that it is useless to risk one's life for useless purposes, I may answer, I believe that those who shun unnecessary dangers will not find the courage to meet inevitable ones. The second sport is the bull-fight in Spain; a true popular festival of the olden time. It is true that they excite the passions, the inherent savageness of man, but so also they do his strength, and whoever takes an enthusiastic part in these scenes will not lack interest for other things, and at least will not perish through apathy. In the Spanish people there is still a proud chivalry, and, notwithstanding the sport transmitted to them by their forefathers, the Spaniards are devout and charitable. Everything has its season, and their variety is the highest charm of human life.

A description, from an Austrian point of view, of English dinners and English habits, will be found in the "Visit to Gibraltar," of which incomparable fortress the Prince observes, with truth as well as irony: "How glorious for England's proud sons, to find in all their voyages, at every turning point of their wide sea-roads, a bomb-proof hotel! They can everywhere find their countrymen, and everywhere can sing under the blessed shade of their banner, 'Rule Britannia!'" He laughs at the "Humourously executed statue of Elliot, the stubborn defender of Gibraltar;" nor is he very complimentary to English art:

With an immense old-fashioned hat on his large head, the hair of which ended in a pigtail, with legs like a broomstick, the gilt keys of the fortress in his right hand, the old hero seems to

promenade in the shrubbery of the park like a ghost of his former self. In all matters of art the English are far behindhand: with them, comfort and the practical are the principal things aimed at; art is not understood by them: it is just the opposite with the Italians, who are so enthusiastic "per le belle arti," that they, for art's sake, freeze like tailors in their giant palaces under fresco-painted ceilings; Germans and French alone succeed in uniting the two.

Certainly the Prince was a very observant traveller, and a very lively writer. He was not one of those whom he himself describes with deep contempt, "who believe themselves in duty bound to travel; but think it bad style in the highest degree to find interest in anything interesting, or to get attracted, still less excited, by anything beautiful." It is refreshing to read the warm generous language in which he suffers himself to express his admiration and attachment to his home and friends. He might be prophetically describing his own disastrous future, when, alone almost in a strange land, he poured out his sorrows to his own heart, and found relief in death. "I felt very sad, for it was the first time that I had not been with my brother on this happy day," — his birthday. And then he proceeds to describe his loneliness, in language which, at least to us, is full of mournful meaning:

I was alone, quite alone in strange seas, under another sky; besides, I thought so long and so deeply of one of my beloved at home, about whom my heart was anxious, that I was in one of those forlorn dispositions of mind in which man feels a sort of sweet despair and longs for home. My family had made me too happy at home; but it is well that such a life should have an end, and these heavy hours are a bitter but wholesome medicine.

"A GUARDIAN," writing from Hitchin to the *Times* on the question of vagrancy, attributes its increase to the leniency of the magistrates: and to prove his point cites two cases, the latter of which is certainly novel. It was that of a woman who had in her possession thirty-seven shillings, and a skilfully constructed *straw baby*, by means of which she excited compassion. Perhaps the worthy magistrates let the woman off from admiration of her ingenuity.

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A CURIOUS circumstance, and one which we recommend to the notice of medical men, is re-

lated in connection with the "Jewish Blind," a charity which, as its name indicates, has been raised for the support of the blind among the Jews. Sir Benjamin Phillips, the president of this institution, has been informed that a woman who had been stone-blind for about eight years had recently recovered the perfect use of her eyesight. It appears that, during a thunder-storm that prevailed some weeks since, she became suddenly aware, as she expressed it, of "a glimmer of light," and from that time to the present her vision has improved daily; perfect eyesight is now restored to her.